



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

WIDENER



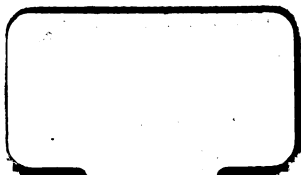
HN ZPBV D

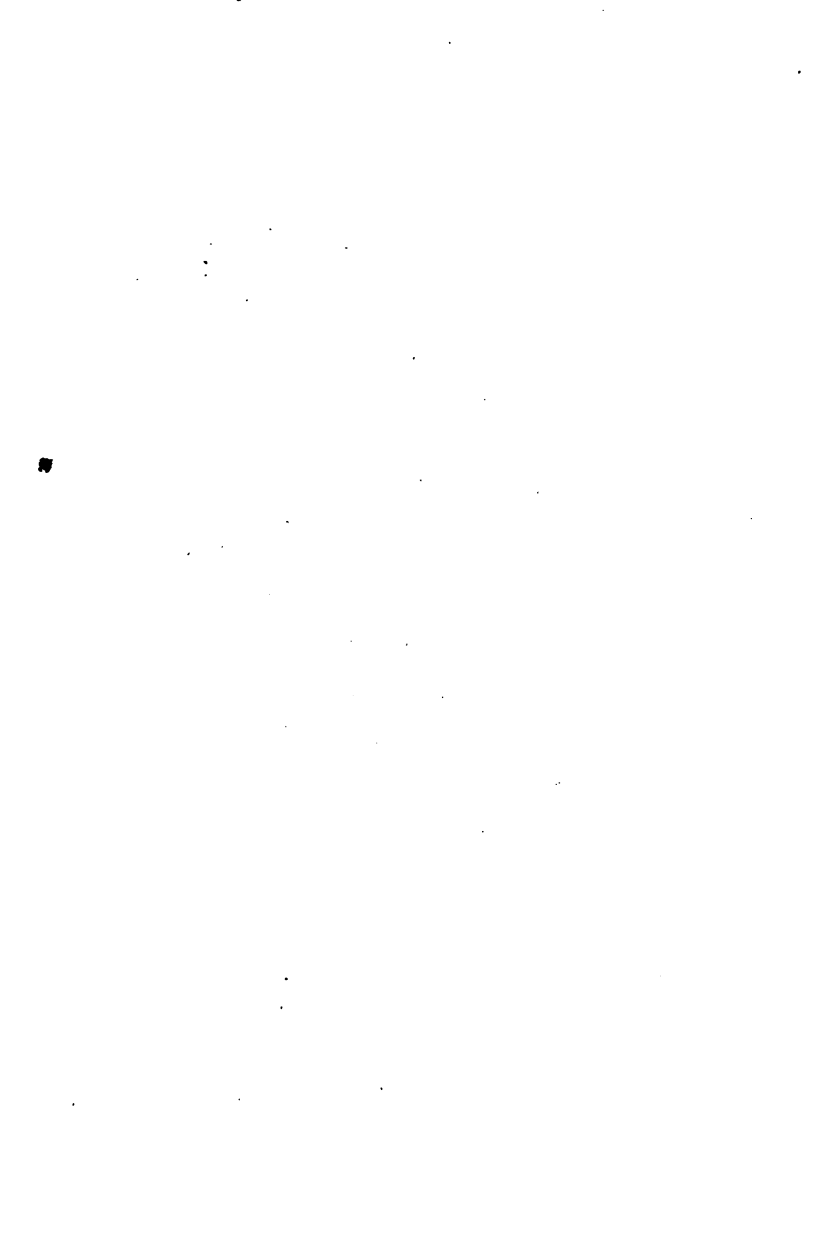
**HARVARD COLLEGE  
LIBRARY**

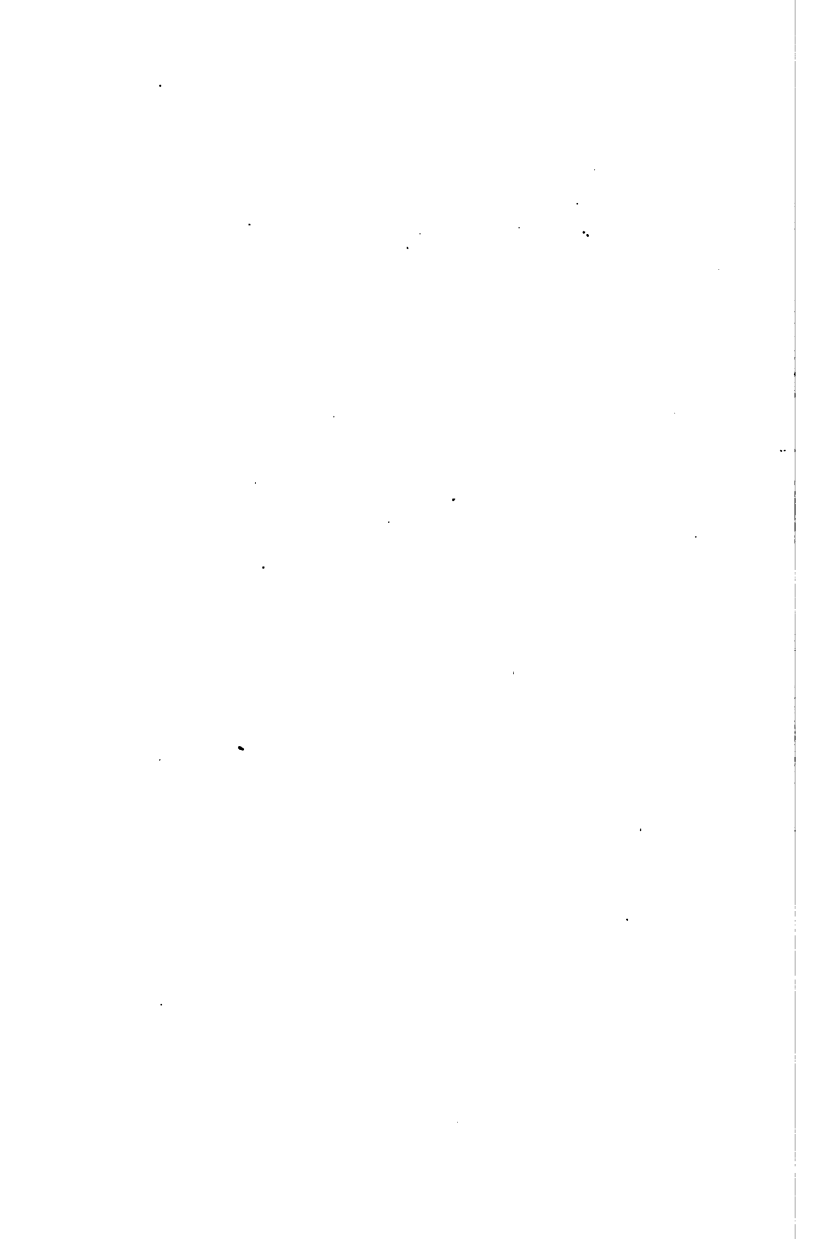


**FROM THE FUND OF  
CHARLES MINOT**

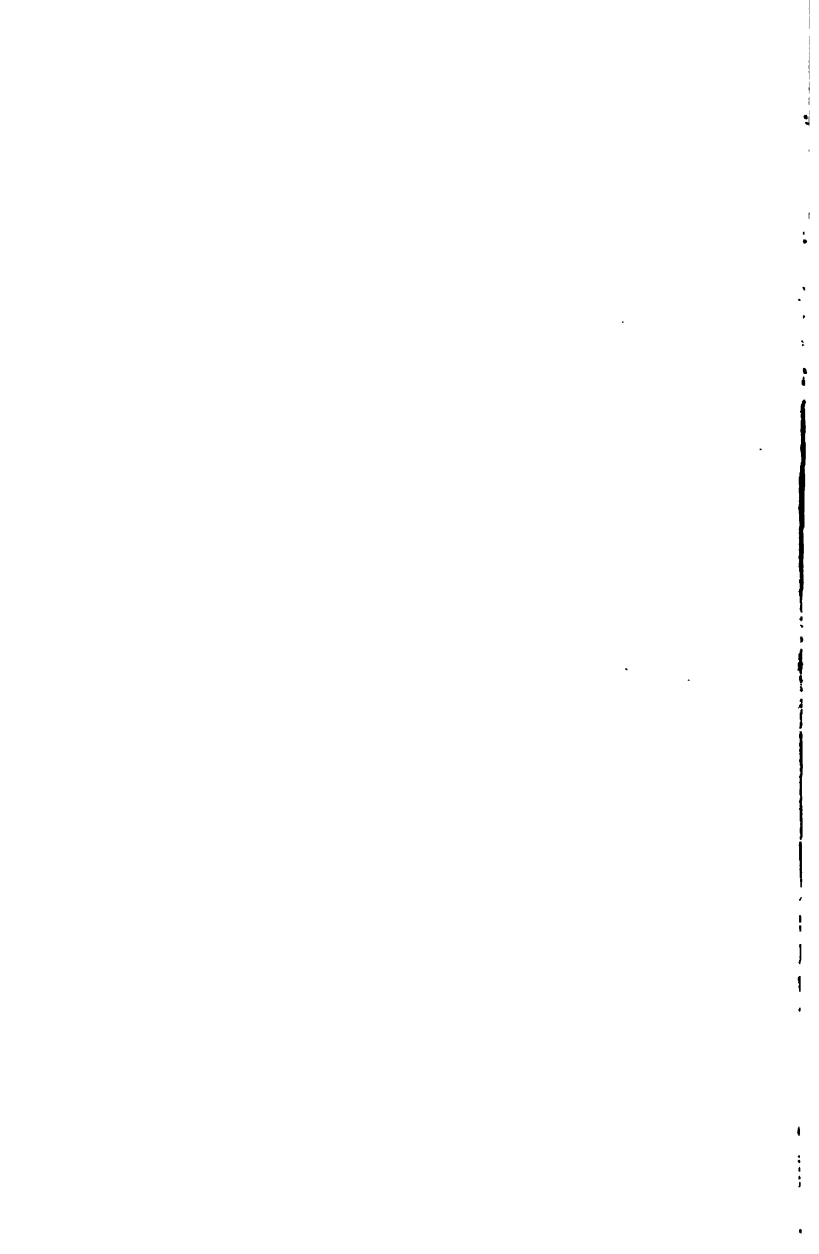
**CLASS OF 1828**











AN INTRODUCTION  
TO  
**Early English Literature.**

FROM THE  
LAY OF BEOWULF  
TO  
EDMUND SPENSER.

BY  
*William Burt*  
W. B. HARLOW,

*Instructor in Literature and Rhetoric, in the Syracuse High  
School.*



SYRACUSE, N. Y.:

C. W. BARDEEN, PUBLISHER.

1884.



102 15.42

7

1884. Dec. 1.

Minute Fund.

Copyright, 1884, by C. W. BARDEEN.

37  
36

## PREFACE.

---

After several years' experience with a complete manual of English Literature for class-room work, I find that it is not wise to attempt too much. The lives of the prominent English writers carefully studied in connection with their works cannot fail to awaken interest and cultivate a taste for reading. Long lists of the names and works of obscure authors prove an almost useless tax upon the memory and are soon forgotten. Explanatory notes have purposely been omitted.

An Unabridged Dictionary and any good reference book on history and mythology will not only furnish all necessary information but will stimulate the student to original work.

It is expected that Langland's *Pierce Plowman*, Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, and Spenser's *Faery Queene* will receive special study in the Clarendon Press Series or in some other equally excellent edition.

*Hale's Longer English Poems* studied in connection with the lives of the author which it represents will be found a useful supplement in the continuation of this work.

Selections have been made from Skeat's Specimens of English Literature, Shaw's Manual, Corson's Handbook of Anglo-Saxon, Brooke's Primer, Taine's English Literature, The Chautauqua Library of English Literature, Percy's Reliques, Chamber's Cyclopedia of English Literature, and other works.

W. B. H.

# AN INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH LITERATURE.

---

## I.

### *GOOD AND BAD BOOKS.*

Out of the multitude of works which have been written in all languages only those which intelligent and educated people have considered worthy of being preserved merit the name of Literature. Such works, whether ancient or modern, become known as the "Classics." Munro's and Beadle's *Dime Novels*; the stories of the Fireside Companion; the novels of Mrs. Southworth and "Ouida," attract many readers who have never had an opportunity to become acquainted with good books. Accounts of murders and lawless intrigues where unprincipled and immoral men and women are made to appear heroic by their boldness and power cannot fail

to exercise a depraving influence upon the mind of any reader. Probably the reason why so many poor books are read is because comparatively few people have the means of obtaining good works, or their attention has never been turned in the right direction. The poisonous reading, of which a few examples have just been given, is spread broad-cast over the land. It is thrown in at our doors; it is displayed at cheap news stands on the street corners. But good books, if we find them, must be sought after. It is a cause for rejoicing that they are now being printed at prices within the means of all, and the result will be that good reading will not long be a possession in the hands of a favored few. But, unfortunately it is not always the case that good books will be preferred by those who have them within reach. One who has never had knowledge of the best works in literature, is not altogether blame-worthy if he has spent much of his time in reading trashy books. But if after having read volumes which have been written by the talented, the wise, and the good, he then returns to the husks presented by the money-seeking scribblers of third-class novels, he is certainly responsible for waste of time, injury to mind and a willful neglect of opportunities for healthful recreation and improvement. Good novels will present to

us the world as it is, and our powers of observation and discernment will be enhanced. We need not be told to read them for we all naturally seek the entertainment which they afford. History, philosophy, science, and poetry, many of us must at first read from a sense of duty, knowing that they are indispensable as educators. As we continue with these subjects we shall find that with the growth of mind and cultivation of taste comes a genuine pleasure. Our reading will not only become a means of improvement, but will furnish a spirited and absorbing pastime.

---

## II.

### *ORIGIN OF POETICAL LITERATURE.*

Few people have a natural taste for reading poetry. This is probably because it is not easily understood. It has been written with care and study, and care and study alone on the reader's part will reveal what it contains. Modern poetry frequently abounds in long and involved sentences, unusual forms of expression, puzzling and obsolete words, and a somewhat artificial structure. But it is a singular fact that in almost all languages the first attempts at literature

have been made in verse. Poetry is the natural voice of music. Everybody loves music. Even animals listen to it and are soothed. Human beings, on emerging from a savage state, where before they have been struggling to keep life within their bodies, pause for a moment and in their resting spells form rude musical instruments of horn, bones, strings, wood and straw. Those who were natural musicians and who had inventive ability arranged in simple rhythm the stories of the great warriors of their tribe and then sang them to the accompaniment of the lyre. These early poets are known as the Bards. Their simple poetry, though rude, was always full of spirit, and never failed to awaken a responsive echo in the hearts of the people who were gathered at the feasts and merry-makings.

Simplicity, then, is an important element in poetry as it once was. It is possible to preserve this simplicity even in connection with high mental culture and philosophic thought. This constitutes the charm in the writings of Longfellow, whose sweet and simple, yet wise and thoughtful songs have gained for him the honored name of the people's poet.

---

III.

*THE ANGLO-SAXONS.*

The literature of the English language begins with the first attempts to write simple poetry in the Old English or Anglo-Saxon tongue. The Angles were originally the inhabitants of Denmark, and together with the Saxons, their neighbors, belonged to the Teutonic or German race. Denmark was a low and swampy country, so these Early Danes were generally known by the name of *Ingles*, from the Saxon word *Ing*, which means a low, marshy meadow. "Ingles" became corrupted to English, and Denmark was known as England before its inhabitants conquered Britain and gave their name to the island. Great Britain in early times was inhabited by a part of the primitive Western European race called the Celts. The Danes and their Saxon neighbors were great sea rovers. They crossed the German ocean and, after many invasions and bloody battles succeeded at the close of one hundred years in conquering the original inhabitants of Britain. Those of the British who were not slaughtered were driven back into Wales and Cornwall, where their descendants, even to this day, live and speak the strange language of the original inhabitants. The Angles and the Saxons soon populated the island, and finding it a



fruitful and well drained country, they gradually formed home attachments and became civilized. In time a literature arose among them. But the people could not at once forget their warlike and wandering lives ; so many of their first poems contained accounts of battles with sea monsters and struggles with opposing tribes.

IV.

*PECULIARITIES OF ANGLO-SAXON  
POETRY.*

The Anglo-Saxon language, though the basis of our modern English is, at present, almost as unintelligible as a foreign tongue. Some of the letters differ from our own. It is what is called an inflected language ; that is, it forms the oblique cases of nouns and pronouns by changing the endings and not by the use of the prepositions which are employed in English. In it are found many words which are still used in the German but which have been dropped from our own language. The simplicity and energy of the Old English poetry are qualities which have already been mentioned. But there are also technical peculiarities which distinguish it from modern poetry. The verses are short, generally consisting of two or three feet, and the only attempt at rhyme was the employment of alliteration, that is, several words

beginning with the same letter are found to occur in close connection. The rhythm depends upon a regular recurrence of accented syllables. An attempt to reduce this ancient poetry to an English version destroys much of its quaintness and power. But the modernized version may serve to give some idea of its rhythmical force and of the subjects which were uppermost in the minds of our ancestors.

---

V.

*THE LAY OF BEOWULF. (A. D. 650 ?)*

Prince Beowulf is a descendent of the Norse god Woden. He sails from his home, in southern Sweden, to the neighboring island of Zealand. He comes to deliver the old King Hrothgar from the depredations of a sea monster, called the Grendel. For twelve years this dreaded demon had nightly entered the halls of the Danes and devoured the bravest of their men. The doughty Beowulf lies waiting in the lordly hall. In the darkness of the night the Grendel comes. He tears open the doors and seizes a sleeping warrior. He rends his limbs and bites his body. He drinks the blood from his veins, and swallows him with continual tearings. Now Beowulf seizes the ogre :

The lordly hall thundered,  
The ale was spilled;  
Both were enraged;  
Savage and strong warders;  
The house resounded;  
Then was a great wonder  
That the wine hall withstood  
The beasts of war,  
That it fell not on the earth,  
The fair palace;  
But it was thus fast.  
The noise arose, new enough;  
Fear fell on the North Danes  
All those who heard  
From the wall the outcry,  
God's denier sing  
His dreadful lay  
His song of defeat  
Lament his wound.  
The foul wretch awaited  
His mortal wound.  
A mighty gash was seen  
Upon his shoulder.  
The sinews sprung asunder;  
The joints of the bones burst.  
Success in war  
Was given to Beowulf.  
Thence must the Grendel fly  
Sick unto death  
Among the refuges  
Of the reedy fens,  
To seek his sad dwelling.  
All the better he knew  
The end of his life.  
The number of his days  
All was gone by.  
He left on the land  
Hand, arm and shoulder.  
In the lake of the Nicors  
Where he was driven  
The wave boiled with blood.  
The foul waves were mingled  
All hot with the poison.

His mother a monster  
Remained still unconquered.  
Like him she was doomed  
To inhabit the waters.  
She too came by night  
And there 'midst drawn swords  
She devoured Eschere  
The king's best friend.  
Lamentations arose  
And Beowulf seeks her.  
A lonely land  
Won they in; wolf caverns,  
Wind traversed nesses,  
Perilous fen paths  
Where the mountain flood,  
Under the mist of the ness,  
Downward is moved  
Flood under feld.  
Not further from hence  
Than a mile's space  
Is the place of the mere;  
Over which frown  
And rustle the forests.  
Fast rooted the wood  
The water that shadows;  
There deadly the wonder  
One may watch every night;  
Fire on the flood.  
Beowulf plunged in,  
Descended past monsters,  
They tore at his chain mail,  
He was grasped by the ogress  
And borne to her dwelling.  
He gave the war onset  
With his stout battle bill.  
He held not back,  
The swing of his sword  
And so on her head  
The ring mail sang loudly  
A greedy war song.  
Then he caught by the shoulder  
The mother of Grendel,  
He twisted the manslayer,

She bent on the floor.  
Then drew she her broad knife  
To pierce thro' his breast net.  
Then saw he 'mong weapons,  
A gigantic old sword  
Doughty of edge,  
Ready for use,  
A work of the giants.  
Seizing the belted hilt  
The warrior of the Scyldings  
Fiercely and savagely  
Whirled the ring mail.  
It broke the bone-rings,  
The bill passed through  
All the doomed body.  
She sank on the floor,  
The sword was bloody,  
He rejoiced in his deed.  
The beam shone,  
Light stood within,  
As from heaven shines mildly  
The lamp of the firmament.  
Prince Beowulf comes  
From his toil triumphant.  
He rules fifty years;  
A Fire Drake threatens,  
For robbed of his treasure  
He comes from the hill.  
He burns men and houses  
With fierce breath of fire.  
Then the refuge of earls  
Commanded to make him  
A shield all of iron.  
Then sadly he went  
For he was fated  
To abide to the end.  
He was ware of a cavern,  
A mound under earth  
Nigh to the sea wave,  
The dashing of waters,  
Filled full of treasures.  
The king hard in war  
Sat on the headland

Bid farewell to his comrades.  
"Of my people the guardian  
I seek a feud."  
The dragon came onward,  
He vomits forth fire,  
The blade bit not his body,  
The king suffered pain  
When wrapped in the fire  
His comrades had left him.  
All except Wiglaf,  
Who went thro' the smoke,  
For he would not abandon  
Relation and prince.  
The worm became furious,  
The foul insidious stranger  
With waves of fire.  
Hot and warlike fierce  
He clutched the whole neck  
With bitter banes;  
He was blooded with life gore,  
The blood boiled in waves.  
They with their swords  
Carved the worm in the midst.  
Yet the wound of the king  
Became burning and swelled.  
Boiled in his breast  
The deadly poison.  
He sat by the wall,  
Gazed on the work  
Made by the giants,  
The eternal cavern.  
"Fifty years I have ruled.  
Not a king of my neighbors  
Dared greet me with warriors.  
I held my own well,  
And sought not false malice  
Nor swore oaths unjustly,  
And so I have joy  
Though of mortal wounds dying.  
Now go my dear Wiglaf  
Behold the great treasure.  
For the good of my people  
For this I give thanks  
For the needs of my people,  
Longer here I may not be."

VI.

*CHRISTIANITY AMONG THE  
ANGLO-SAXONS.*

But the new English people lost many of their barbarian characteristics and although they still loved war their poets soon began to reflect the feelings of the people, and they sang of love, of home and country. In 597 A. D., Augustine, a Roman abbot, brought christian missionaries to England. The English gradually renounced their pagan religion. Into the second great poem of the new literature entered the subject matter of the Scriptures which the pious monks had introduced among the people.

---

VII.

*CÆDMON. (A. D. 670 ?)*

Cædmon was an old man-servant in the monastery of Hilda, the abbess of Whitby, a town on the east coast of Northumbria. The story goes that one night Cædmon fell asleep in the stable with the cattle, and had a wonderful vision. An angel appeared and commanded him to sing. "I can not," said Cædmon, "and that is the reason why I never sit at the feasting tables in the hall." "But you shall sing," said

the spirit, "and your song must relate the beginning of all created things." The simple old man instantly became inspired with the poet's power and found himself repeating verses which told of the omnipotence and glory of God. In the morning he found himself still possessed by the divine influence. He was brought before Hilda, the abbess, who with other learned people listened to his wonderful words. Cædmon's poem, a *Paraphrase of the Bible*, gives an account of the creation of the world, the history of the Jews, the life of Christ, and a fanciful description of judgment, heaven and hell.

---

VIII.

*CÆDMON'S PARAPHRASE OF THE  
BIBLE.*

Nu we sceolan herian	Ece dryhten
Now we shall praise	Eternal lord,
Heofen- <i>rices</i> weard,	Oord onstealde.
Of heaven the guardian,	The beginning formed.
Metodes mihte	He aerest ge-scéop
Of the creator the might	He first created
And his mod-ge-thonc.	Ylða bearnum
And his counsel.	For the children of men
Wera wuldor faeder!	Heofen to hrofe,
Of men the glory father!	Heaven for a roof,
Swa he wundra ge-hwaes,	Halig scyppend!
How he wonders of all,	The holy creator!



Tha middan-geard	Aefter teode
Then the world	Afterwards produced
Mon-cynnes weard,	Firum foldan
Of mankind the guardian,	For men the earth,
Ece dryhten	Frea aelmihtig!
The eternal lord	The master almighty!

---

### SATAN'S TEMPTATION OF EVE.

“Best of women, I will conceal from your Lord, that to me so much wickedness, Adam spake, evil words, accuseth me of untruths, sayeth I am anxious for mischiefs, a servant to the malignant, not God’s angel: but I so readily know all the angels’ origins, the roofs of the high heavens, so long was the while that I diligently served God, through faithful mind, my Master, the Lord himself—I am not like a devil.” He led her thus with lies, and with wiles instigated the woman to that evil, until began within her the serpent’s counsel boil: (to her a weaker mind had the creator assigned) so that she, her mood, began to relax after those allurements; therefore, she of the enemy received, against the Lord’s word, of death’s tree the noxious fruit. Then to her spouse she spake: “Adam, my lord, this fruit is so sweet, mild in the breast, and this bright messenger, God’s angel, good; I, by his habit, see that he is the

envoy of our Lord, heaven's king. His favor it is for us better to gain than his aversion. \*

\* \* I can see from hence where he himself sitteth, that is southeast, with bliss encircled, him who formed this world. I see his angels encompass him with feathery wings, of all folks greatest, of bands most joyous. Who could to me such knowledge give if now it God did not send, heaven's ruler? I can hear from afar and so widely see throughout the whole world, over the broad creation; I can the joy of the firmament hear in heaven; it became light to me in mind, from without and within, after the first I tasted; I now have of it here in my hand, my good lord, I will fain give it thee." \* \*

\* She spake to him oft and all day urged him to that dark deed, that they break their Lord's will. The fell envoy stood by, excited his desires and with wiles urged him, dangerously followed him, till in the man began his mind to turn. So he trusted to the promise which to him the woman said in words: yet she did it through faithful mind, knew not that hence so many ills, sinful woes must follow to mankind, \* \* but weened that she the favor of heaven's king wrought with the words. \* \* He from the woman took

hell and death, though it was not so called, but it the name of fruit must have. \* \* Unholy fruit !

---

### FLIGHT OF THE ISRAELITES.

Loud was the shout of the host, the heavenly beacon rose each evening. Another stupendous wonder !—After the sun's setting course, they beheld over the people, a flame of shine, a burning pillar ; pale stood over the arches the clear beams ; the bucklers shone, the shades prevailed ; yet the falling nightly shadows might not near shroud the gloom. The heavenly candle burnt, the new night-ward must by compulsion rest over the hosts, lest them the horror of the waste, the hoar heath, with its raging storms should overwhelm. Had their harbinger fiery locks, pale beams, a cry of dread resounded in the martial host at the hot flame, that it in the waste would burn up the host unless they zealously Moses obeyed. \* \* A camp arose ; they cast them weary down ; approached with food the bold sewers ; they their strength repaired, spread themselves about after the trumpet sang, the sailors in the tents. Then was the fourth station ; the shielded warrior's

rest, by the Red Sea. \* \* Then of his men the mind became despondent, after that they saw, from the south ways the host of Pharaoh coming forth, moving over the holt the band glittering. They prepared their arms, the war advanced, bucklers glittered, trumpets sang, standards rattled. Around them screamed the fowls of war, greedy for battle, dewy-feathered. \* \* The wolves sung their horrid even song, in hopes of food, the reckless beasts, threatening death to the valiant. \* \* The prince of men, rode the marches with his band; the war-like guardian of the people clasped his grim helm, the king his visor.

---

IX.

*MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.*

During the seventh and eighth centuries arose many Anglo-Saxon productions to which it is impossible to assign either dates or authors. The Book of Judith in the Apocrypha furnishes material for a long poem which has been but partially preserved. Another fragment is entitled *The Grave* and is as lugubrious as a winged death's-head on a New England tomb stone. In a modernized version Longfellow has

made it familiar to his readers. The *Cuckoo Song*, or *Summer is i-cumin in* is a curiosity because it is the first Old English manuscript verse that has been found accompanied by musical notes.

The early war poetry of England is known to have been very abundant. It continued to improve in its literary character until the time of the Norman Conquest, which crushed the Anglo-Saxon spirit of liberty. The best of these martial odes is the *Battle of Brunanburh*. It describes a conflict between the Saxon King Athelstan and Anlaf who made an invasion from Denmark. At the close of the day Anlaf and his allied forces are repulsed with great slaughter and flee from English soil. Fragments of other war songs still in existence are the *Fight at Maldon*, the *Battle of Finnesburg* and the *Contest of King Edmund*. Nothing more wonderfully reveals the heroic though barbaric nature of our English ancestors than do these stirring lays which long forgotten bands once chanted in the rude banquet halls of the Saxons.

---

X.

*THE POEM OF JUDITH.*

Then was Holofernes  
Exhilarated with wine;  
In the halls of his guests  
He laughed and shouted,  
He roared and dinned.  
So was the wicked one  
Over all of the day,  
The lord and men,  
Drunk with wine,  
The stern dispenser of wealth;  
Till that they swimmingly lay  
Over drunk,  
All his nobility  
As they were death slain;  
\* \* \*

She with the twisted locks  
Struck the hateful enemy,  
Meditating hate,  
With the red sword  
Till she had half cut off his neck;  
So that he lay in a swoon,  
Drunk and mortally wounded.  
He was not then dead,  
Not entirely lifeless,  
She struck then earnest  
The woman illustrious in strength  
Another time  
The heathen hound;  
Till that his head  
Rolled forth upon the floor.  
The foul one lay without a coffer;  
Backward his spirit turned  
Under the abyss,  
And then was plunged below,  
With sulphur fastened;  
Forever after wounded by worms.  
Bound in torments,  
Hard imprisoned  
In hell he burns.

JUDITH'S SPEECH TO THE PEOPLE.

“ Here we may manifestly  
Stare on the head  
Of the man illustrious for victory,  
Of the leader of his people,  
Of the odious heathen commander;  
Of the dead Holofernes,  
He that of all men to us  
Most murders has done,  
Sure sorrows ;  
And yet more  
Would have increased them,  
But that to him God grants not  
A longer life,  
That he with injuries  
Should afflict us,  
And from him life took away  
Through God's assistance.  
Now I to every man  
Of these citizens will pray  
Of these shield-warriors  
That ye immediately  
Haste ye to fight,  
When God the source of all,  
The honor-fast King  
From the east sends  
A ray of light,  
Bear forth your banners;  
With shields for your breasts,  
And mail for your hams,  
Shining helmets,  
Go among the robbers;  
Let their leaders fall,  
The devoted chiefs  
By the ruddy sword!  
They are your enemies,  
Destined to death,  
And ye shall have their doom,  
Victory for your great leader,  
The mighty Lord!  
As he hath signified to you  
By my hand.

XI.

*THE GRAVE.*

For thee a house was built  
E're thou wert born,  
For thee was a mould shapen,  
E're thou of mother camest,  
Its height is not determined  
Nor its depth measured,  
Nor is it closed up  
However long it may be,  
Until I thee bring  
Where thou shalt remain  
Until I shall measure thee  
And the sod of the earth.  
Thy house is not  
Highly built;  
It is unhigh and low;  
When thou art in it  
The heel-ways are low,  
The side-ways unhigh.  
The roof is built  
Thy breast full nigh.  
So thou shalt in earth  
Dwell full cold,  
Dim and dark,  
That clean putrifies.  
Doorless is that house  
And dark it is within;  
There thou art fast detained  
And death holds the key,  
Loathly is that earth house,  
And grim to dwell in;  
There thou shalt dwell,  
And worms shall share thee.  
Thus thou art laid  
And leavest thy friends;  
Thou hast no friend  
That will come to thee,  
Who will ever ask  
How that house liketh thee,



Who shall ever open  
For thee the door  
And seek thee,  
For soon thou becomest loathly  
And hateful to look upon.

---

XII.

*SUMMER IS I-CUMEN IN.*

Summer is i-cumen in  
L lude sing cuccu;  
Groweth sed and bloweth med  
And springeth the wde nu.  
Sing cuccu, cuccu.  
A we bleteth after lomb  
L-houth after calve cu;  
Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth;  
Murie sing cuccu, cuccu, cuccu.  
Well singes thu cuccu,  
Ne cease thy singing nu;  
Sing cuccu nu,  
Sing cuccu!

---

XIII.

*BATTLE OF BRUNANBUHR.*

[A. D. 937.]

Here Athelstan King  
Of earls the lord,  
Rewarder of heroes  
And his brother eke,  
Edmund Atheling  
Elder of ancient race,  
Slew in the fight  
With the edge of their swords,  
The foe at Brumby!  
The sons of Edward

Their broad walls clove,  
And hewed their banners,  
With the wrecks of their hammers.  
So were they taught  
By kindred zeal,  
That they at camp oft  
'Gainst any robber  
Their land should defend  
Their hoards and homes,  
Pursuing fell  
The Scottish clans;  
The men of the fleet  
In numbers fell;  
'Midst the din of the field  
The warrior swate.  
Since the sun was up  
In morning tide,  
Gigantic light!  
Glad over grounds  
God's candle bright,  
Eternal Lord!—  
Till the noble creature  
Set in the western main:  
There lay many  
Of the northern heroes  
Under a shower of arrows  
Shot over shields;  
And Scotland's boast  
A Scythian host  
The mighty seed of Mars!  
With chosen troops  
Throughout the day,  
The west Saxons fierce  
Pressed on the loathed bands;  
Hewed down the fugitives,  
And scattered the rear  
With strong mill sharpened blades.  
The Mercians too,  
The hard hand-play  
Spared not to any  
Of those that with Anlaf  
Over the briny deep,  
In the ship's bosom,

Sought this land,  
For the hardy fight.  
Five kings lay  
On the field of battle,  
In bloom of youth,  
Pierced with swords;  
So seven eke  
Of the earls of Anlaf  
And of the ship's crew  
Unnumbered crowds.  
There was dispersed  
The little band  
Of hardy Scots,  
The dread of the northern hordes;  
Urged to the noisy deep  
By unrelenting fate!  
The King of the fleet,  
With his slender craft  
Escaped with his life  
On the felon flood;  
And so, too, Constantine,  
The valiant chief  
Returned to the north  
In hasty flight.  
The hoary Hildrinc  
Cared not to boast  
Among his kindred.  
Here was the remnant  
Of relation and friends  
Slain with the sword  
In the crowded fight.  
His son, too, he left  
On the field of battle  
Mangled with wounds  
Young at the fight.  
The fair-haired youth  
Had no reason to boast  
Of the slaughtering strife.  
Nor old Inwood  
And Anlaf the more  
With the wreck of their army  
Could laugh and say,  
That they on the field

Of stern command  
Better workmen were,  
In the conflict of banners,  
The clash of spears,  
The meeting of heroes  
And the rustling of weapon  
Which they on the field  
Of slaughter played  
With the sons of Edward.  
The northmen sailed  
In their nailed ships,  
A dreary remnant  
On the roaring sea;  
Over deep water.  
Dublin they sought,  
And Ireland's shores  
In great disgrace.  
Such then the brothers  
Both together,  
King and Atheling  
Sought their country,  
West Saxon land,  
In fight triumphant.  
They left behind them  
Raw to devour,  
The sallow kite,  
The swarthy raven,  
With horny nib.  
And the hoarse vulture,  
With the eagle swift  
To consume his prey;  
The greedy goshawk,  
And that grey beast,  
The wolf of the weald.  
No slaughter yet  
Was greater made  
E'er in this island,  
Of people slain,  
Before the same,  
With the edge of the sword;  
As the books inform us  
Of the old historians;  
Since hither came

From the eastern shores  
The Angles and Saxons,  
Over the broad sea  
And Britain sought.  
Fierce battle-smiths  
O'er came the Welsh  
Most valiant earls  
And gained the land.

---

XIV.

*BEDÉ.*

Bede (672–735), surnamed the Venerable, was a man who lived in a monastery at Jarrow. He wrote in Latin forty-five works on science, theology, grammar, and history. He is the father of English Prose, for his last work was a translation into English of the Gospel of St. John. As this work is no longer in existence, we must look to our next writer for the earliest specimen of English prose.

---

XV.

*ALFRED THE GREAT.*

King Alfred (848–901) lived at Winchester, and not only was remarkable as a good and brave sovereign but was an earnest student and patron of literature. He established schools for the

young and encouraged learned men to come into England. He translated many Latin works into English. Among these were Bede's *History of England*; the ancient *History of Orosius* and Boethiu's *Consolation of Philosophy*.

---

XVI.

*BOETHIUS'S CONSOLATION OF  
PHILOSOPHY.*

[Translated from the Latin by King Alfred.]

I.

Lo ! now on earth is he  
In every thing  
A happy man,  
If he may see  
The clearest  
Heaven-shining stream  
The noble fountain  
Of all good;  
And of himself  
The swarthy mist  
The darkness of the mind,  
Can dispel !  
We will as yet,  
With God's help,  
With old fabulous  
Stories instruct  
The mind;  
That thou the better mayest  
Discover to the skies  
The right path,  
To the eternal region  
Of our souls.

II.

Well, O children of men  
Throughout the middle earth  
Let every one of the free  
Aspire to the eternal good  
Which we speak about.  
And to the felicities,  
That we are telling of.  
Let him who is now  
Straitly bound  
With the vain love  
Of this great  
Middle earth,  
Also quickly seek for himself  
Full freedom,  
That he may arrive  
At the felicities  
For the good of souls,  
The desirable haven  
To the lofty ships  
Of our mind;  
That is the only haven  
Which ever is  
After the waves  
Of our labors,  
And every storm  
Always calm.  
That is a pleasant place,  
After these miseries  
To possess.  
But I well know  
That neither golden vessels,  
Nor heaps of silver  
Nor precious stones  
Nor the wealth of the middle earth.  
The eyes of the mind  
Ever enlighten,  
Nor aught improve  
Their sharpness.  
To the contemplation  
Of true felicities,  
But they rather  
The mind's eyes

Of every man  
Make blind in their breasts  
Than make them clearer,  
Eor every thing  
That in this present  
Life delights  
Are poor  
Earthly things,  
Ever fleeting.  
But wonderful is that  
Splendor and brightness  
Which every one of things  
With splendor enlightens,  
And afterward  
Entirely rules.  
The ruler wills not  
That our souls shall perish,  
But he himself  
Will then  
With a ray illumine,  
The Ruler of Life.  
If then any man  
Ever behold  
The clear brightness  
Of heaven's light  
Then will he say  
That the brightness of the sun  
Is darkness  
Compared with  
That great light  
Of God Almighty.

---

XVII.

*THE BRUT OF LAYAMON.*

Geoffrey of Monmouth was a Welsh priest who lived at the court of Henry I. He wrote in Latin prose a fanciful history of Britian. It was in twelve books and founded upon a series of



Welsh legends. In it he represented Brutus a great grandson of the Trojan Æneas as landing upon the shores of England and establishing a nation. Tracing the descent of kings he relates the brave deeds of the British prince Arthur and his knights of the Round Table. He concludes with the reign of Cadwello, a Welsh king who died in 689. Geoffrey Gaimar, another learned man of England, translated this romance into French verse, and it became very popular at the Norman Court. It was also read in France, where it was rewritten and altered by Wace, a bard of Normandy. In this form it again returned to England, where in about 1205 it was again remodeled by Layamon, a priest in the monastery at Earnley in Worcestershire. He reduced it to the old English alliterative poetry. It comprises 30,000 lines, which have been almost entirely freed from French words.

---

XVIII.

*THE BRUT OF LAYAMON.* 1205.

DESCRIPTION OF PRINCE ARTHUR'S ARMOR.

And he cast upon him  
A cuirass of stele  
That an elfin smith made,  
By his wise craft;

It was called Wigar.  
His legs he covered  
With hosen of stele.  
Calibur his sweord  
He swung by his side  
It was wrought in Auylum,  
With skillful crafte.  
Helm he set an his head,  
High (and) of stele  
Whereon many gem stones,  
With gold all adorned.  
It was called Goswiht  
All others unlike.  
He hung on his neck  
One precious shield.  
Its name was in British  
Called Pridewyn,  
Since was it engraved  
In imagine of gold,  
Since was it in sooth,  
The mother of God.  
His spere took he in hand  
And it was called Ron.  
Then he had all his arms,  
Then he leaped on his stede  
Then might they behold  
That there were at hand  
The one fairest Knight  
That a hoste shall leade.

---

XIX

*THE ORMULUM OF ORMIN.*

Normandy had been strongly influenced by the religious revival of the eleventh century. After the Conquest the Normans established many churches and abbeys throughout England, and monks and priests took up their abode in

the island. The Normans and Saxons became common worshippers in the churches and English hand books of religious exercises came into demand. In about 1215 Ormin, a priest, wrote in verse a series of homilies on the lessons of the New Testament. Ten thousand lines of the work are still preserved in the Bodleian Library. This service book was one of many others written at the time. From his own name the author calls it the *Ormulum*. In it he advocates simplicity of life and purity of heart.

---

XX.

*FROM THE ORMULUM OF ORM.*

[1215.]

ORMIN'S DEDICATION TO HIS BROTHER.

Nu, Brother Walter, brother mine  
After the flesh kind  
And brother mine in Christendom  
Through baptism and through truth,  
And brother mine in Goddes house  
Yet of the third wise  
Through that wit having taken both  
A canon book to follow  
Under canons had and life  
Just as Saint Austin set;

I have done just as thou bade,  
And completed to thy will,  
I have turned intill English

THE GOSPEL'S HOLY LORE.

After that little wit that me  
My lord hath lent,  
You thought that it might well  
To much advantage turn,  
If English folk for love of Christ  
It would gladly learn  
And follow and fulfill it  
With thought, with word, with deed.

HOMILY ON CHRIST'S TEMPTATION.

When that Jesus baptized was  
He turned him intill the waste.  
The Gospel says that he was led  
Through the spirit into the waste  
And this that he should there  
Be tempted by the Devil.  
And Christ was left in the desert land  
So there tuat he might fast  
While he was in the desert.  
And all without meat and drink  
Kept Christ his fast there  
Forty days anon continually  
By days and by nights.  
And when his fast ended was

Then longed he after food  
And forth came the Evil Spirit  
For that he would him tempt,  
And let him stand looking anon  
And said thus with words:—  
“If that you God’s son truly are  
Make bread off these stones.”  
And our Lord Jesus Christ  
Gave answer again and said:—  
“The Bible says that naught may man  
By bread alone live  
But by that word that cometh out  
Of the wisdom of God’s mouth.”

---

XXI.

*OTHER RELIGIOUS WORKS.*

The monks and friars produced many poems upon moral and religious subjects. Among them is a work entitled the “*The Prick of Conscience.*” Its author is Richard Rolle a St. Augustine hermit who lived at Hampole, four miles from Doncaster.

---

XXII.

*THE PRICKE OF CONSCIENCE.* 1350?

By Richard Rolle of Hampole.

[What is in heaven.]

There is lyf without ony deth,  
And there is youthe without ony eld;  
And there is all manner welthe to welde :  
And there is rest without ony travaille;  
And there is peace without ony strife  
And there is alle manner lykinge of life :—  
And there is bright somer ever to see,  
And there is nevere wynter in that countrie:  
And there is more worship and honour,  
Than ever had Kinge other emperour.  
And there is grete melodie of aungels songe,  
And there is preysing hem amonge.  
And there is alle manner friendshiphe that may be,  
And there is evere perfect love and charitie;  
And there is wisdom without folye,  
And there is honesty without vileneye.  
All these a man may joys of hevene call:  
Ac yvttē the most sovereyn joye of all  
Is the sight of Goddes bright face,  
In wham resteth alle mannere grace.

---

XXIII.

*THE RHYMING CHRONICLERS.*

The prosaic historical records of the old Anglo-Saxon Chronicle were now supplanted by the French style of writing in verse an embellished account of historical episodes. Robert Manning, an ecclesiastic of Brunne in Lincolnshire, lived during the reigns of Henry I. and II. He translated from the French a metrical chronicle of England which had been written by Peter de Langtoft of Yorkshire.

---

XXIV.

*PETER DE LANGTOFT'S FRENCH  
CHRONICLE OF ENGLAND.*

1306.

[Translated by Robert Manning.—Robt. de Brunne.]

INTERVIEW OF VORTIGERN WITH ROWENA, THE  
DAUGHTER OF HENGIST.

Hengist that day did his might,  
That all were glad, King and Knight.  
And as they were best in glading,  
And well drunken, King and Knight,  
Of chamber Rowenen so gent,  
Before the King in hall she went,

A cup with wine she had in hand  
And her attire was well farand.  
Before the King on knee set,  
And in her language she him gret.  
“My Lord, King, wassail!” said she.  
The King asked what should be,  
On that language the King ne couthe.  
A Knight her language learned in youth  
Bregb hight that Knight born Breton,  
That learned the language of Saxon.  
This Bregb was the interpreter,  
What was said told Vortiger.  
“Sir,” Bregb said, “Rowen you greets  
And King calls and lord you leets.  
This is their custom and their gest  
When they are at the ale or feast,  
Ilk man that loves when him think  
Shall say *Wassail!* and to him drink.  
He that bids shall say *Wassail!*  
The tother shall say again *Drink hail!*  
That says *Wassail* drinks of the cup,  
Kissing his fellow he gives it up.  
*Drink-hail* he says, and drinks thereof,  
Kissing him in bourd and skof.”  
The King said as the Knight gan ken,  
“Drink hail,” smiling on Rowenen.  
Rowen drank as her list,



And gave the King, syne him kissed.  
There was the first wassail in dede  
And that first of fame gaed.  
Of that wassail men told great tale,  
And wassail when they were at ale,  
And drink hail to them that drink.  
Thus was wassail ta'en to thank.  
It happened since that Maiden ying  
Wassailed and kissed the King.  
Of body she was right avenant,  
Of fair colour and sweet semblant.  
Her attire full well it seemed,  
Mervelik the King she queemed.  
Of our measure was he glad,  
For of that maid he wax all mad.  
Drunkeness the fiend wrought,  
Of that pagan was all his thought  
Mischance that time had led,  
He asked that pagan for to wed.  
Hengist would not draw o lite,  
But granted him all so tite.  
And Hors his brother consented soon.  
Her friends said it were to done.  
They asked the king to give her Kent,  
In dower to take of rent.  
Upon that maiden his heart was cast;

That they asked the King made fast.  
I ween the King took her that day  
And wedded her on pagan's lay.

---

XXV.

*WILLIAM LANGLAND.*

Langland was born in Shropshire about 1332. His work, the Vision of *Piers the Plowman* is an allegory picturing the difficulties met with through life. It describes with great vividness the corrupt condition of church and state during the author's time. The friars had become selfish. They had forgotten their highest calling and instead of ministering to the needs of the people they directed their engines toward amassing wealth. Feastings, fine clothes, and fast horses completely absorbed their thoughts. Langland represents himself as wandering over Malvern Hills until at length becoming tired he lies down and falls asleep. He has a vision of the world wandering in darkness and sin. At length Christ in the character of Piers Plowman comes into the midst of the misguided people and leads them to a better life. The poem consists of four parts: *The Vision*; *Do Well*; *Do Better*; and *Do Best*.

XXVI.

*THE VISION OF PIERS THE PLOW-  
MAN.* 1362.

[William Langland.]

MERCY AND TRUTH.

Out of the west coast, a wench, as me thought  
Came walking in the way, to hell ward she  
looked;

Mercy hight that maid, a meek thing withal,  
A full benign maid and buxom of speech;  
Her sister as it seemed came soothly walking,  
Even out of the east and westward she looked,  
A full comely creature, Truth she hight  
For the vertue that her followed afeard was her  
never.

When these maidens mette, Mercy and Truth,  
Either axed other of this great wonder,  
Of the din and of the darkness.

[DESCRIPTION OF THE FRIARS.]

And now is Religion a rider a roamer about,  
A leader of lovedays and a londbuyer,  
A pricker on a palfrey from manor to manor,  
And heap of hounds [behind him] as he a lord  
were;  
And but if his knave kneel that shall his cope  
bring,

He loured on him and asked him who taught  
him courtesy.

Little had lords to doon to give lond their heirs  
To religious, that have no ruth though it rained  
on their altars.

In many places there be parsons by themselves  
at ease;

Of the poor have they no pity; And that is their  
charity!

And they letten them as lords, their lands lie so  
broad.

And there shall come a King and confess you,  
Religious,

And beat you as the Bible telleth for breaking  
of your rule,

And amend the nuns, monks and canons,  
And put them to her penance.

---

XXVII.

*WYCLIF.* 1324-1384.

John Wyclif was our first English Protestant.  
He wrote many pamphlets against the doctrines  
of the Church of Rome. In 1380 with the aid  
of several of his friends he translated the Bible  
into English. This version of the scriptures  
had a great influence upon the times and accom-

plished much toward fixing the language as a literary one. The work was subsequently made the basis of Tyndale's, Coverdale's and Cranmer's Bibles.

---

XXVIII.

*TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.*

THE MAGNIFICAT: LUKE 1, 46-55.

John Wyclif. 1380.

And Marye seyde, My soul magnifyeth the  
Lord.

And my spirit hath gladid in God my helthe.  
For he hath behulden the mekenesse of his  
hand mayden; for lo, for this alle generations  
schulde say that I am blessid.

For he that is mihti hath don to me grete  
thingis, and his name is holy.

And his mercy is fro kyndrede into kyndredis to  
men that dreden him.

He hath made myht in his arm, he scatteride  
proude men with the thoughte of his herte.

He sette doun myghty men fro seete, and en-  
haunside meke men. He hath fulfilled  
hungry men with goodies, and he has left  
rich men voide.

He heuyng mynde of his mercy took up Israel  
his child.

And he hath spoken to oure fadres, to Abraham,  
and to his seed in worlds.

---

XXIX.

GOWER. 1325?

John Gower, a contemporary of Chaucer, wrote during his youth fifty ballads or love poems, but his three most important works are *Speculum Meditantis*, written in French; *Vox Clamantis*, in Latin; and *Confessio Amantis*, in English. The first has been lost. His English work was written in 1393 and at the request of Richard II., who meeting the poet one day, asked him to 'book some new thing' that the king himself might read it. Chaucer calls his friend the "Moral Gower;" for his poems though fanciful stories of historical and mythological characters are all written with the avowed purpose of teaching some lesson. The moral, like the application of a fable is often expressed in the closing verses of each poem. In the disguise of allegory many of the popular topics of the day as well as those of the past are carefully presented, and display the author's great talent and learning.

XXX.

*CONFESSIO AMANTIS.* 1393.

John Gower.

[Episode of Rosiphele a Princess of Armenia. She was supposed to be insensible to the power of love.]

When come was the month of May  
She would walk upon a day,  
And that was ere the sun arist,  
Of women but a few it wist;  
And forth she went privily,  
Unto a park was fast by,  
All soft walkand on the grass,  
Till she came where the land was,  
Through which ran a great river.  
It thought her fair; and said, here  
I will abide under the shaw (grove);  
And bade her women to withdraw:  
And there she stood alone still,  
To think what was in her will.  
She saw the sweet flowern spring,  
She heard the glad fowls sing,  
She saw beasts in their kind,  
The buck the doe, the hart the hind,  
The male go with the female;  
And so began there a quarrel  
Between love and her own heart,

Fro which she could not astart.  
And so she cast her eye about,  
She saw, clad in one suit a rout  
Of ladies, when they comen ride  
Along under the woode side;  
On fair ambuland horse they set,  
That were all white, fair and great;  
And everech one ride on side,  
The saddles were of such a pride,  
So rich saw she never none;  
With pearls and gold so well begone,  
In kirtles and in copes rich  
They were clothed all alich,  
Departed even of white and blue  
With all luste that they knew,  
They were embroidered over all:  
Their bodies weren long and small,  
The beauty of their fair face  
There may none earthly thing deface:  
Crowns on their heads they bare,  
As each of them a queen were;

\* \* \* \* \*

A woman upon a horse behind  
The horse upon which which she rode was  
black  
All lene and galled upon the back  
And halted as he were enloyed, (hurt)



Whereof the woman was annoyed.

\* \*

And natheless there was with that  
A riche bridel for the nonce  
Of golde and precious stones. \* \*  
“ Now tell me then, I you beseech  
Whereof that riche bridle serveth.”  
With that her chere again she swerveth  
And gan to weep and thus she tolde:  
“ This bridel which ye now beholde  
So riche upon mine horse hed,  
Madam, afore ere I was dede  
When I was in my lusty life,  
There fell into myn hert a strife  
Of love which me over-come,  
So that hereafter hede I nome  
And thought I would love a Knight;  
That last well a fourtenight  
For it no lenger mighte laste,  
So nigh my life was atte laste.  
Nowe have ye heard all min answer,  
To god, Madame, I you betake  
And warneth alle for my sake,  
Of love that they be nought idel  
And bid hem thenke upon my bridle.”

---

XXXI.

**GEOFFREY CHAUCER. 1340-1400.**

**CHAUCER'S FRENCH PERIOD.**

The poet was the son of a London wine merchant. At the age of sixteen he became page to the Duchess of Clarence and was thus early introduced to court life. When nineteen years old he joined the French army. Some years after he was again connected with the English Court. His poems written in the French style are the "*Complaint to Pity*" and the "*Death of Blanche the Duchess*." The latter laments the death of the wife of John of Gaunt, the patron of Chaucer.

**CHAUCER'S ITALIAN PERIOD. 1372-1384.**

The Poet was seven times sent by Edward III. as English ambassador to Italy. While abroad he read the works of the Italian poets, Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio. During this period he wrote several of the "*Canterbury Tales*" also "*Troilus and Cressida*," the "*Complaint of Mars*," and many others which show how greatly he had been influenced by his reading.

**CHAUCER'S ENGLISH PERIOD. 1384-1400.**

At this time he occupied several offices of

trust under the English government, He now became thoroughly English in style. He described the characters of every day life with which he was surrounded. Some of the best of the "*Canterbury Tales*" were written at this time. The Prologue of this work was also written and the story completed.

In the *Canterbury Tales*, the Prologue represents a company of pilgrims who in early spring gather together in the Tabard Inn at Southwark. They are bound for the shrine of St. Thomas á Becket at Canterbury. They represent the high and low in all ranks of the fourteenth century English society. Harry Bailey, the Landlord of the Tabard, proposes to accompany them on their journey and suggests that, for the entertainment of the party, each pilgrim shall tell two stories on the way onward and two on the return. The plan is well received and the many tales which Chaucer had written are thus woven together into one elaborate work. The *Canterbury* pilgrims are as follows:—(1.) A Knight. (2.) A Squire. (3.) A Yeoman. (4.) A Prioress. (5. 6. 7. 8.) A Nun and three Priests. (9.) A Monk. (10.) A Friar. (11.) A Merchant. (12.) A Clerk of Oxford. (13.) A Sergeant of Law. (14.) A Franklin. (15. 16.

17. 18. 19.) Five wealthy Tradesmen. (20.) A Cook. (21.) A Shipmaster. (22.) A Doctor. (23.) A Wife of Bath. (24.) A Parson. (25.) A Plowman. (26.) A Miller. (27.) A Minciple. (Steward.) (28.) A Reeve. (29.) A Sompnour or Sumner. (30.) A Pardoner. (31.) Host of the Tabard. (32.) Chaucer. The work remains unfinished; of the 128 tales but 25 are in existence. All the works of the poet show his wonderful and loving study of nature and of man. The resources of his wit, pathos, sympathy and love are unbounded. The skill with which he develops all points which will strengthen his work has gained for him the name of the first great light in English literature.

---

XXXII.

*CANTERBURY TALES.*

Characters from the *Prologue*.

THE KNIGHT.

A Knight ther was and that a worthy man,  
That fro the time that he first began  
To riden out, he loved chevalrie,  
Trouthe and honour fredom and curtesie.  
Full worthy was he in his lordes werre;  
And therto hadde he ridden no man ferre,

As well in Christendom as in Hethenesse,  
And ever honoured for his worthinesse.

\* \* \* \*

But though that he was worthy he was wise ;  
And of his port as meke as is a mayde ;  
He never yet no vilainie ne sayde  
In all his lif unto no manere wight,  
He was a veray parfit gentil knight.

#### THE NUN.

Ther was also a nonne, a prioresse,  
That of hire smiling was full simple and coy ;  
Hire greatest other n'as but by Saint Eloy ;  
And she was cleped Madame Eglentine.  
Full well she sang the service devine ;  
Entuned in hire nose ful semely ;  
And Frenche she spake full fair and fetisly  
After the scole of Stratford Atle Bowe,  
For French of Paris was to hire unknowe.  
At mete well i-taught was she withalle,  
She leet no morsel from her lippes falle,  
Ne wet hire fyngres in her sauce deep.  
Well cowde she carry a morsel and well keep  
That no drop ne fell upon hire breaste.  
In curteisie was set full much her leste.  
Her over lippe wiped she so clean  
That in hire cup there was no farthing sene  
Of greece whea she dronken had hire draughte.

Full semely after her mete she raught,  
And sikerly sche was of gret disport,  
And full plesaunt and amyable of port,  
And painèd hire to counterfeite cheere  
Of Court and been estatlish of manere,  
And to been holden digue of reverence.  
But for to speken of hire conscience,  
She was so charitable and pitous  
She wolde weep if that she saw a mous  
Caught in a trap if it were deed or bled.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE CLERK.

A clerk ther was of Oxenford also,  
That unto logik hadde long i-go.  
As lene was his hors as is a rake,  
And he was not right fat I undertake;  
But lokèd holwe and therto soberly.  
Full thredbare was his overeste courtepy  
For he hadde geten him yet no benefice  
Ne was so worldly for to have office.  
For him was lever have at his bed's heede  
Twenty bookes, clad in blak or reede,  
Of Aristotle and his philosophie,  
Than robes rich fithel or gray sawtrie.  
But al be that he was a philosophere,  
Yet hadde he but little gold in cofre;  
But all that he might of his frendes heate,

On bookes and on learning he it spente,  
And busily gan for the soules preye  
Of hem that yaf him wherwith to scoleye.  
Of studie took he most cure and heede.  
Not oo word spak he more than was neede,  
And that was said in form and reverence  
And schort and quyk and full of high sentence.  
Soronynge in moral virtue was his speche  
And gladly wolde he learn and gladly teche.

---

XXXIII.

*LYDGATE.*

John Lydgate (b. 1370) was an inferior poet. He wrote history and legends in verse. He wrote plays for the amusement of Henry VI and his court. His three principal poems were "Falls of Princes," the "Story of Thebes," and the "Troy Book." He was a Monk and lived during the greater part of his life in the monastery at Bury.

---

XXXIV.

*THE LONDON LYCKPENNY.* 1400?

John Lydgate.

1. To London once my steppes I bent,  
Where truth in no wyse should be fayent,

To Westminster-ward I forthwith went  
To a man of law to make complaint.  
I said "For Mary's love that holy saint!  
Pyty the poore that wold proceede;"  
But for lack of money I could not speede.

2. In Westminster-hall I found out one,  
Which went in a longe gown of Raye;  
I crowched and kneled before hym anon,  
For Mary's love of help I him pray.  
'I wat not what thou meanest, gan he say:  
To get me thence he did me bedede,  
But for lack of money I could not speede.
3. Within this hall neither rich nor yett poor  
Would do for me ought although I should  
dye,  
Which seeing I gat me out of the door  
Where Flemish began on me for to cry  
"Master, what will you copen or buy?  
Fyne felt hats or spectacles to reede?  
Lay down your silver and here you may  
speede."
4. Then to Westminster gate I presently went,  
When the sun was at high pryme;  
Cooks to me they took good intent,  
And proffered me bread with ale and wine,  
Rybbs of beef both fat and full fine;



A fair cloth they gan for to spread,  
But wanting money I might not be sped.

5. Then unto London I did me hie,  
Of all the land it beareth the price;  
“Hot peascods!” one began to cry  
“Strawberry ripe and cherries in the rise!”

(twig)

One bade me come near and buy some spice;  
Pepper and saffron they gan me bede,  
But, for lack of money I might not speede.

6. Then to Cheap I gan me draw,  
Where much people I saw for to stand;  
One offered me velvet silk and lawn,  
Another he taketh me by the hand,  
“Here is Paris thread the finest in the  
land!”

I never was used to such things in dede,  
And wanting money I might not speede.

7. Then went I forth by London stone  
Throughout all Canwick street;  
Drapers much cloth me offered anon,  
Then comes me one cried “Hot shepes  
feete!”

Another crye “Makere!” “Rushes green,”  
another gan grete,

One bade me buy a hood to cover my head,  
But for want of money I might not be sped.

8. Then into Cornhyll anon I yode,  
Where was much stolen gere amonge ;  
I saw where hong myne owne hood,  
That I had lost among the thronge ;  
To buy mine owne hood I thought it wrong,  
I knew it as well as I did my crede,  
But for lack of money I could not speede.
9. The taverner took me by the sleve  
“ Sir,” sayth he “ Will you our wyne assay ?”  
I answered, “ That cannot much me greve :  
A penny can do no more than it may :”  
I drank a pynt and for it dyd paye ;  
Yet sore a-hungred from thence I yede,  
And wanting money I could not speede.

---

XXXV.

*BALLAD POETRY.*

The Ballads from the earliest times had been the popular songs of the English people. Historical and mythical British characters served as the heroes of these quaint musical romances. Stories of the struggles upon the Scottish border are exemplified by the Ballad of Chevy Chase. “ The martial spirit of this rare old poem,” says Sir Philip Sydney, “ never fails to arouse my soul like the clarion blast of a bugle call.” The

free and joyous life of the green wood, the English peasants delighted to picture in numberless tales of the bold outlaw Robin Hood and his merry men of Sherwood forest. The "Death of Prince Arthur," the "Battle of Otterburne" and the "Nut-Brown Maid," are among the most remarkable of the early ballads. It is impossible to fix a reliable date to any of these poems. They were from time to time printed in a careless and fragmentary form, and many are defective or have been altogether lost. The first comprehensive collection was made by Thomas Percy, in 1765, and is known as the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry."

---

XXXVI.

*THE NUT-BROWN MAID.* 1400?

1.

*He*—It standeth so, a deed is do',  
Whereof great harm shall grow :  
My destiny is for to die  
A shameful death, I trow ;  
Or else to flee ; the one must be,  
None other may I know,  
But to withdraw as an outlaw,  
And take me to my bow.  
Wherefore adieu, mine own heart true !

None other rede I can :  
For I must to the greenwood go,  
Alone, a banished man.

2.

*She*—O Lord, what is this worldis bliss,  
That changeth as the moon !  
My summer's day is lusty May  
Is darked before the noon.  
I hear you say, Farewell : Nay, nay,  
We depart not so soon.  
Why say ye so ? Whither will ye go ?  
Alas ! What have ye done ?  
And my welfare to sorrow and care  
Should change if ye were gone ;  
For in my mind of all mankind,  
I love but you alone.

3.

*He*—I can believe, it shall you grieve  
And somewhat you distraint :  
But afterward your paines hard  
Within a day or twain  
Shall soon aslake ; and ye shall take  
Comfort to you again.  
Why should ye ought, for to make  
thought !  
Your labor were in vain.  
And thus I do and pray to you

As heartily as I can ;  
For I must to the greenwood go  
Alone, a banished man.

4.

*She*—Now sith that ye have showed to me  
The secret of your mind,  
I shall be plain to you again,  
Like as ye shall me find.  
Sith it is so that ye will go,  
I will not live behind.  
Shall never be said the Nut-Brown Maid  
Was to her love unkind :  
Make you ready, for so am I,  
Although it were anon ;  
For in my mind, of all mankind,  
I love but you alone.

5.

*He*—I counsel you remember how  
It is no maiden's law  
Nothing to doubt, but to run out  
To wood with an outlaw ;  
For ye must there in your hand bear  
A bow, ready to draw ;  
And as a thief thus you must live,  
Ever in dread and awe.  
Whereby to you great harm might grow :  
Yet had I lever then,

That I had to the greenwood go  
Alone, a banished man.

6.

*She*—I think not nay, but as ye say,  
It is no maiden's lore ;  
But love may make me for your sake,  
As I have said before,  
To come on foot to hunt and shoot  
To get us meat in store ;  
For so that I your company  
May have, I ask no more :  
From which to part it makes my heart  
As cold as any stone ;  
For in my mind of all mankind  
I love but you alone.

7.

*He*—Yet take good heed for ever I dread  
That ye could not sustain  
The thorny ways, the deep valleys,  
The snow, the frost, the rain,  
The cold, the heat ; for dry or weet,  
We must lodge on the plain ;  
And us above, none other roof  
But a brake bush or twain :  
Which soon should grieve you, I believe,  
And ye would gladly then  
That I had to the greenwood go  
Alone, a banished man.

8.

*She*—Sith I have here been partiner  
With you of joy and bliss,  
I must also part of your wo  
Endure, as reason is.  
Yet I am sure of one pleasure,  
And, shortly, it is this,  
That where ye be me seemeth, pardie,  
I could not fare amiss.  
Without more speech, I you beseech  
That ye were soon agone,  
For in my mind of all mankind  
I love but you alone.

9.

*He*—If ye go thither ye must consider,  
When ye have list to dine,  
There shall no meat be for you gete,  
Nor drink, beer, ale or wine ;  
No sheetes clean to lie between,  
Made of thread and twine ;  
None other house but leaves and boughs,  
To cover your head and mine.  
Oh mine heart sweet, this evil diet,  
Should make you pale and wan ;  
Wherefore I will to the greenwood go  
Alone, a banished man.

10.

*She*—Among the wild deer such an archer  
As men say that ye be,  
Ye may not fail of good vittail,  
Where is so great plentie.  
And water clear of the river,  
Shall be full sweet to me.  
With which in heal, I shall right weel  
Endure, as ye shall see ;  
And ere we go, a bed or two  
I can provide anon ;  
For, in my mind, of all mankind  
I love but you alone.

11.

*He*—Lo yet before ye must do more,  
If ye will go with me ;  
As cut your hair up by your ear,  
Your kirtle to your knee ;  
With bow in hand for to withstand  
Your enemies, if need be ;  
And this same night before daylight  
To wood-ward will I flee.  
If that ye will all this fulfill  
Do't shortly as ye can ;  
Else will I to the greenwood go  
Alone, a banished man.



12.

*She*—I shall, as now, do more for you,  
Than 'longeth to womanheed,  
To short mine hair, a bow to bear,  
To shoot in time of need ;  
Oh, my sweet mother, before all other  
For you I have most dread ;  
But now, adieu ! I must ensue  
Where fortune doth me lead.  
All this make ye : Now let us flee  
The day comes fast upon ;  
For, in my mind, of all mankind  
I love but you alone.

13.

*He*—Nay, nay, not so, ye shall not go,  
And I shall tell you why :  
Your appetite is to be light  
Of love, I well espy :  
For like as ye have said to me,  
In likewise hardily,  
Ye would answer whoever it were,  
In way of company.  
It is said of old, soon hot, soon cold ;  
And so is a woman,  
Wherefore I to the wood will go,  
Alone, a banished man.

14.

*She*—If ye take heed, it is no need  
Such words to say to me ;  
For oft ye prayed and me assayed,  
Ere I loved you, pardie :  
And though that I, of ancestry  
A baron's daughter be,  
Yet have you proved how I you loved,  
A squire of low degree ;  
And ever shall, what so befall ;  
To die therefore anon ;  
For in my mind of all mankind  
I love but you alone.

15.

*He*—A baron's child to be beguiled,  
It were a cursed deed !  
To be fellow with an outlaw,  
Almighty God forbid !  
It better were, the poor squier  
Alone to forest yede,  
Than I should say another day  
That by my cursed deed,  
We were betrayed : wherefore good'maid,  
The best rede that I can,  
Is that I to the greenwood go  
Alone, a banished man.

16.

*She*—Whatever befall I never shall,  
Of this thing you upbraid ;  
But if ye go and leave me so,  
Then have ye me betrayed.  
Remember weel, how that ye deal ;  
For if ye, as ye said,  
Be so unkind to leave behind,  
Your love, the Nut-Brown Maid,  
Trust me truly, that I shall die  
Soon after ye be gone ;  
For in my mind, of all mankind  
I love but you alone.

17.

*He*—My own dear love, I see thee prove  
That ye be kind and true ;  
Of maid and wife, in all my life,  
The best that ever I knew.  
Be merry and glad, no more be sad ;  
The case is changed now ;  
For it were ruth, that, for your truth,  
Ye should have cause to rue.  
Be not dismayed, whatever I said  
To you when I began ;  
I will not to the greenwood go,  
I am no banished man.

18.

*She*—These tidings be more glad to me,  
Than to be made a queen,  
If I were sure they would endure ;  
But is it often seen,  
When men will break promise, they speak  
The wordes on the spleen.  
Ye shape some wile me to beguile,  
And steal from me I ween :  
Then were the case worse than it was,  
And I more woe begone ;  
For in my mind of all mankind  
I love but you alone.

19.

*He*—Ye shall not need further to dread :  
I will not disparage,  
You, (God defend !) sith ye descend  
Of so great a lineage.  
Now understand ; to Westmoreland,  
Which is mine heritage,  
I will you bring ; and with this ring,  
By way of marriage,  
I will you take, and lady make  
As shortly as I can :  
Thus have you won an earles son,  
And not a banished man.

XXXVII.

*THE BATTLE OF CHEVY-CHACE.*

I.

God prosper long our noble king,  
Our lives and safetyes all;  
A woeful hunting once there did  
In Chevy-Chace befall;

II.

To drive the deer with hound and horn  
Erle Percy took his way.  
The child may rue that is unborn,  
The hunting of that day.

III.

The stout Erle of Northumberland  
A vow to God did make,  
His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
Three summer's days to take;

IV.

The cheefest harts in Chevy-Chace  
To kill and beare away.  
These tydings to Erle Douglas came  
In Scotland where he lay;

V.

Who sent Erle Percy present word,  
He would prevent his sport.  
The English Erle not fearing that,  
Did to the woods resort,

VI.

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,  
All chosen men of might,  
Who knew full well in time of need  
To ayme their shafts aright.

VII.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran  
To chase the fallow deere;  
On Monday they began to hunt,  
Ere daylight did appeare;

VIII.

And long before high noon they had  
An hundred fat buckes slaine;  
Then having dined the drovers went,  
To rouse the deer againe.

IX.

The hounds ran swiftly thro' the woods,  
The nimble deere to take,  
That with their cryes the hill and dales  
An eccho shrill did make.

X.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,  
To view the slaughtered deere;  
Quoth he: Erle Douglas promised  
This day to meet me here:

XI.

But if I thought he would not come,  
No longer would I stay.  
With that a brave young gentleman  
Thus to the Erle did say:

XII.

Loe, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,  
His men in armour bright;  
Full twenty hundred Scottish speres,  
All marching in our sight;

XIII.

All men of pleasant Tivydale,  
Fast by the river Tweed;  
Oh cease your sports, Erle Percy said,  
And take your bows with speed,

XIV.

And now with me my country men,  
Your courage fourth advance;  
For there was never champion yet  
In Scotland or in France,

XV.

That ever did on horse back come,  
But if my hap it were,  
I durst encounter man for man,  
With him to break the spere.

XVI.

Erle Douglas on his milk-white steed,  
Most like a baron bold,  
Rode foremost of his company,  
Whose armour shone like gold.

XVII.

Show me, said he, whose men ye be  
That hunt soe boldly heere  
That without any consent do chase  
And kill my fallow deere.

XVIII.

The first man that did answer make  
Was noble Percy hee;  
Who sayd, we list not to declare,  
Nor show whose men wee be.

XIX.

Yet we will spend our dearest blood  
Thy cheefest harts to slay.  
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath  
And thus in rage did say:

XX.

Ere thus I will out-braved be,  
One of us two shall dye:  
I know thee well an Erle thou art;  
Lord Percy, so am I.

XXI.

But trust me Percy, pity it were  
And great offence to kill  
Any of these our guiltless men  
For they have done no ill.

XXII.

Let thou and I the battle trye,  
And set our men aside.  
Accurst bee he, Erle Percy sayd,  
By whom this is denied.

XXIII.

Then stept a gallant squier forth,  
Witherington was his name,  
Who said, I would not have it told  
To Henry, our King, for shame,

XXIV.

That ere my captaine fought on foot  
And I stood looking on,  
You bee two Erles, said Witherington,  
And I a squier alone;

XXV.

Ile doe the best that doe I may,  
While I have power to stand:  
While I have power to weeld my sword,  
Ile fight with hart and hand.

XXVI.

Our English archers bent their bowes,  
Their harts were good and true;  
Att the first flight of arrows sent,  
Full four-score Scots they slew.

XXVII.

Yet bides Erle Douglas on the bent  
As Chieftain stout and good,  
As valiant Captain all unmov'd  
The shock he firmly stood.

XXVIII.

His host he parted had in three,  
As Leader ware and tried,  
And soon his spearmen on their foes  
Bare down on every side.

XXIX.

To drive the deer with hound and horn  
Douglas bade on the bent;  
Two captains mov'd with mickle might  
Their speares to slivers went.

XXX.

Throughout the English archery,  
They dealt full many a wound;  
But still our valiant Englishmen  
All firmly kept their ground.

XXXI.

O Christ! It was a grief to see,  
And likewise for to heare,  
The cryes of men lying in their gore,  
And scattered here and there.



XXXII.

At last these two stout Erles did meet  
Like captains of great might  
Like lyons wood they layd on lode  
And mayd a cruel fight.

XXXIII.

They fought untill they both did sweat,  
With swords of tempered steel;  
Until the blood like drops of rain,  
They trickling down did feele.

XXXIV.

Yeeld thee, Lord Percy, Douglas said,  
In faith I will thee bringe,  
Where thou shalt high advanced be  
By James, our Scottish King;

XXXV.

Thy ransom I will freely give,  
And this report of thee  
Thou art the most courageous knight  
That ever I did see.

XXXVI.

Noe, Douglas, quoth Erle Percy then,  
Thy proffer I doe scorn;  
I will not yield to any Scot,  
That ever yet was borne.

XXXVII.

With that there came an arrow keen,  
Out of an English bow,  
Which struck Erle Douglas to the hart,  
A deep and deadly blow.

XXXVIII.

Who never spake more words than these:  
“Fight on my merry men all;  
For why; my life is at an end;  
Lord Percy sees my fall.”

XXXIX.

Then leaving life Erle Percy took  
The dead man by the hand;  
And said, Erle Douglas for thy life  
Wold I have lost my hand.

XL.

Oh Christ! my very heart doth bleed  
With sorrow for thy sake;  
For sure a more redoubted Knight  
Mischance cold never take.

XLI.

A knight amongst the Scots there was,  
Which saw Erle Douglas dye,  
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge  
Upon the Lord Percy:

XLII.

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he cald  
Who with a spear most bright  
Well mounted on a gallant steed  
Ran fiercely through the fight;

XLIII.

And past the English archers all  
Without all dread or feare;  
And through Erle Percy's body then  
He thrust his hateful spere;

XLIV.

With such a vehement force and might  
He did his body gore,  
The staff ran through the other side  
A large cloth-yard or more.

XLV.

So thus did both these nobles dye,  
Whose courage none could staine;  
An English archer then perceived  
The noble Erle was slayne;

XLVI.

He had a bow bent in his hand,  
Made of a trusty tree;  
An arrow of a cloth yard long  
Up to the head drew hee;

XLVII.

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery  
So right the shaft he set,  
The grey goose wing that was thereon,  
In his hart's blood was wet.

XLVIII.

This fight did last from break of day  
Till setting of the sun;  
For when they rung the evening bell  
The battle scarce was done.

XLIX.

With stout Erle Percy there was slain,  
Sir John of Egerton,  
Sir Robert Ratclif and Sir John,  
Sir James that bold Baron;

L.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,  
Both Knights of good account,  
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,  
Whose powesse did surmount.

LI.

For Witherington must needs I wail  
As one in doleful dumpes;  
For when his leggs were smitten off,  
He fought upon his stumps.

LII.

And with Erle Douglas there was slain,  
Sir Hugh Montgomerye,  
Sir Charles Murray that from the field  
One foot would never flee.

LIII.

Sir Charles Murry of Ratclif too,  
His sister's son was he;  
Sir David Lamb so well esteemed  
Yet saved cold never bee.

LIV.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case  
Did with Erle Douglas dye:  
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears  
Scarce fifty-five did flye.

LV.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen  
Went home but fifty-three;  
The rest were slain in Chevy-Chase  
Under the greenwood tree.

LVI.

Next day did many widows come,  
Their husbands to bewayle;  
They washt their wounds in brinish tears  
But all would not prevayle.

LVII.

Their bodies bathed in purple gore,  
They bare with them away;  
They kist them dead a thousand times,  
Ere they were clad in clay.

LVIII.

The news was brought to Edinboro'  
Where Scotland's King did reign.  
The brave Erle Druglas suddenly  
Was with an arrow slaine;

LIX.

O heavy news, King James did say,  
Scotland may witness bee  
I have not any captain more  
Of such account as he.

LX.

Like tidings to King Henry came,  
Within as short a space  
That Percy of Northumberland  
Was slain in Chevy-Chase;

LXI.

Now God be with him, said our King  
Sith it will noe better bee;  
I trust I have within my realm,  
Five hundred as good as he.

LXII.

Yet shall not Scotts nor Scotland say,  
But I will vengeance take;  
He be avenged on them all,  
For brave Erle Percy's sake.

LXIII.

This vow full well the King perform'd,  
After, at Humbledown;  
In one day fifty Knights were slain  
With Lords of great renowne.

LXIV.

And of the rest, of small account;  
Did meny thousands dye:  
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase  
Made by the Erle Percy.

LXV.

God save our King and bless this land  
With plenty, joy and peace;  
And grant henceforth that foule debate  
"Twixt noblemen may cease.

---

XXXVIII.

*ROBIN HOOD BALLADS:*

(A Contest between Robin Hood and Arthur Bland, a Nottingham Tanner.)

1. "I pass not for length," bold Arthur replied.  
"My staff is of oke so free;  
Eight foot and a half, it will knock down a  
calf,  
And I hope it will knock down thee."
2. Then Robin could no longer forbear,  
He gave him such a knock,  
Quickly and soon the blood came down  
Before it was ten a clock.
3. Then Arthur he soon recovered himself,  
And gave him such a knock on the crown,  
That from every side of bold Robin Hood's  
head  
The blood came trickling down.

4. Then Robin raged like a wild boar  
As soon as he saw his own blood :  
Then Bland was in haste, he laid on so fast  
As though he had been cleaving of wood.
5. And about, and about, and about they went,  
Like two wild boars in a chase,  
Striving to aim each other to maim,  
Leg, arm or any other place.
6. And knock for knock they lustily dealt,  
Which held for two hours and more,  
Till all the wood rang at every bang,  
They ply'd their work so sore.
7. "Hold thy hand, hold thy hand," said Robin  
Hood,  
"And let thy quarrel fall;  
For here we may thrash our bones all to-  
mesh,  
And get no coyn at all.
8. And in the forest of merry Sherwood,  
Hereafter thou shalt be free."  
"God a mercy for nought my freedom I  
bought,  
I may thank my staff and not thee."
9. "I am a tanner," bold Arthur replied,  
"In Nottingham long have I wrought ;  
And if thou'lt come there I vow and swear,  
I will tan thy hide for nought."

10. "God a mercy, good fellow," said jolly Robin,  
"Since thou art so kind and free ;  
And if thou'lt tan my hide for naught  
I will do as much for thee."

### DEATH OF ROBIN HOOD.

1. When Robin Hood and Little John,  
Went o'er yon bank of broom,  
Said Robin Hood to Little John  
We have shot for many a poun':
2. But I am not able to shoot one shot more,  
My arrows will not flee,  
But I have a cousin lives down below  
Please God she will bleed me.
3. Now Robin is to fair Kirkley gone,  
As fast as he can win ;  
But before he came there as we do hear,  
He was taken very ill.
4. And when that he came to fair Kirkley-  
hall  
He knocked all at the ring,  
But none was so ready as his cousin herself  
For to let bold Robin in.
5. "Will you please to sit down cousin Robin,"  
she said,

“And drink some beer with me?”

“No, I will neither eat nor drink,  
Till I am blooded by thee.”

6. “Well I have a room cousin Robin,” she  
said,

“Which you did never see,  
And if you please to walk therein,  
You blooded by me shall be.”

7. She took him by the lily-white hand,  
And lead him to a private room,  
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,  
Whilst one drop of blood would run.

8. She blooded him in a vein of the arm,  
And locked him up in the room ;  
There did he bleed all the livelong day,  
Until the next day at noon.

9. He then bethought him of a casement  
door,  
Thinking for to be gone,  
He was so weak he could not leap,  
Nor he could not get down.

10. He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,  
Which hung low down to his knee,  
He set his horn unto his mouth  
And blew out weak blasts three.



11. Then little John when hearing him,  
As he sat under the tree,  
“I fear my master is near dead  
He blows so wearily.”
12. Then Little John to fair Kirkley is gone,  
As fast as he can dree',  
But when he came to Kirkley-hall  
He broke locks two or three :
13. Until he came bold Robin to,  
Then he fell on his knee ;  
“A boon, a boon,” cries Little John  
“Master I beg of thee.”
14. “What is that boon,” quoth Robin Hood,  
“Little John thou begs of me ?”  
“It is to burn fair Kirkley-hall,  
And all their nunnery.”
15. “Now nay, now nay,” quoth Robin Hood,  
“That boon I'll not grant thee;  
I never hurt woman in all my life,  
Nor man in woman's company.
16. “I never hurt fair maid in all my time,  
Nor at my end shall it be ;  
But give me my bent bow in my hand  
And a broad arrow I'll let flee ;

- And where this arrow was taken up,  
There shall my grave digged be.
17. "Lay me a green sod under my head,  
And another at my feet;  
And lay my bent bow at my side,  
Which was my music sweet;  
And make my grave of green,  
Which is most right and meet.
18. "Let me have length and bredth enough,  
With a green sod under my head;  
That they may say when I am dead,  
Here lies bold Robin Hood."
19. These words they readily promised him,  
Which did bold Robin please;  
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,  
Near to the fair Kirkleys.

---

XXXIX.

*KING ARTHUR'S DEATH.*

1. On Trinitye Mondaye in the morne,  
This sore battayle was doom'd to be:  
Whare manye a Knighte cry'd, Well-awaye;  
Alacke, it was the more pittie.†
2. Ere the first crowinge of the cocke,  
When as the kinge in his bed laye,

He thoughte Sir Gawaine to him came,  
And there to him these wordes did saye.

3. "Nowe, as you are mine unkle deare,  
And as you prize your life, this daye  
O meet not with your foe in fighte;  
Put off the battayle, if yee maye.
4. "For Sir Launcelot is nowe in Fraunce,  
And with him many an hardye knyghte :  
Who will within this moneth be backe,  
And will assiste yoe in the fighte."
5. The kinge then call'd his nobles all,  
Before the breakinge of the daye ;  
And tolde them howe Sir Gawaine came,  
And there to him these wordes did saye.
6. His nobles all this counsayle gave,  
That earle in the morning, hee  
Shold send awaye an herauld at armes,  
To aske a parley faire and free.
7. Then twelve good knyghtes King Arthure  
chose,  
The best of all that with him were :  
To parley with the foe in field,  
And make with him agreement faire.
8. The king he charged all his hoste,  
In readinesse there for to bee :

But noe man sholde no weapon sturre,  
Unlesse a sworde drawne they shold see.

9. And Mordred on the other parte,  
Twelve of his knights did likewise bringe  
The beste of all his companye,  
To holde the parley with the kinge.
10. Sir Mordred also charged his hoste,  
In readinesse there for to bee ;  
But noe man shold noe weapon sturre,  
But if a sworde drawne they shold see.
11. For he durste not his unkle truste,  
Nor he his nephewe, sothe to tell ;  
Alacke ! it was a woefulle case,  
As ere in Chrystentye befelle.
12. But when they were together mette,  
And both to faire accordance brought  
And a month's league betweene them sette,  
Before the battayle should be foughte ;
13. An addere crept forth of a bushe,  
Stunge one o' th' king's knightes on the  
knee :  
Alacke ! it was a woefulle chance,  
As ever was in Christentie.
14. When the knighte found him wounded  
sore,

And sawe the wild-worme hanging there,  
His sworde he from his scabberde drewe :  
A piteous case, as ye shall heare.

15. For when the two hostes saw the sworde,  
They joyned battayle instantlye ;  
Till of so manye noble knightes,  
On one side there were left but three.

16. For all were slaine that durst abide,  
And but some fewe that fled awaye :  
Oh mee ! it was a bloodye fielde,  
As ere was foughte on summer's daye.

17. Upon King Arthur's own partye,  
Onlye himselfe escaped there,  
And Lukyn, Duke of Gloster, free,  
And the king's butler Bedevere.

18. And when the king beheld his knightes,  
All dead and scattered on the molde ;  
The tears fast trickled downe his face,  
That manlye face in fight so bolde.

19. "Nowe rest ye all, brave knightes," he  
said  
"Soe true and faithful to your trust :  
And must yee then, yee valiant hearts  
Be left to moulder into dust !

20. "Most loyal have yee been to mee,

Most true and faithful unto deathe :  
And oh ! to rayse yee up againe,  
How freeley could I yield my breathe.

21. " But see the traitor's yet alive,  
Lo where hee stalkes among the deade !  
Nowe bitterlye he shall aby :  
And vengeance fall upon his head."
22. " O staye, my liege," then sayd the duke :  
" O staye for love and charitie ;  
Remember what the vision spake,  
Nor meete your foe, if it may bee."
23. " O staye mee not, thou worthye knight,  
This debt my loyal knights I owe :  
Betide me life, betide me death,  
I will avenge them of their foe."
24. Then strait he grasp'd his trustye speare,  
And on his horse then mounted hee :  
As his butler holpe him to his horse,  
His bowels gushed to his knee.
25. " Alas ! " then sayd the noble king,  
" That I should live this sight to see !  
To see this good knight here be slaine,  
All for his love in helping mee !"
26. He put his speare into his reste,  
And to Sir Mordred loud gan crye,

- “Nowe sette thyself upon thy guarde,  
For traitor, nowe thy death is nye.”
27. Sir Mordred lifted up his sworde,  
And fierce to meete the king ran hee:  
The king his speare he through him thrust  
An fathom thorou his bodie.
28. When Mordred felt the stroke of death,  
And found that he was wounded soe;  
He thruste himselfe upon the speare,  
And strucke the king a deadly blowe.
29. Then grimmye dyed Sir Mordred,  
Presentlye upon that tree:  
And bloody streames ranne from the kinge  
Ere to the duke returned hee.
30. Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake,  
“Sir Knyghte, thou hast beene faith-  
fulle tryde,  
Now take my sword Excalibar,  
That hangs so freelye by my syde.
31. “O take my sword Excalibar,  
And there into the river throwe:  
For here, henceforth, benethe this tree,  
All use of weapons I foregoe.
32. “And fare thee well, thou trustye sword;  
A better neer had valiant knyghte,

- With thee full ofte, and manye a daye,  
Have I withstood my foe in fighte.
33. "With this good faulchion in my hande,  
Oft have I reaped the bloody feelde :  
But now the fatalle houre is come,  
That never more I may thee weelde."
34. The duke to the river side he went,  
And there his owne sword in threwe he :  
But he kept back Excalibar,  
He kept it back in privitie.
35. For all of Coleyne was the blade ;  
And all the hilte of precious stone :  
"And ever alacke!" then sayd the knyghte,  
"Must such a sword awaye be throwne?"
36. Then back he came unto the kinge,  
Who sayd, "Sir Lukyn, what did yee  
see?"  
"Nothing, my liege, save that the winde  
Blewe over the waters faire and free."
37. "O goe againe," then sayd the kinge,  
"O good Sir Lukyn, goe againe :  
Into the rivere throwe my sword,  
Nor keep me lingering here in paine."
38. The duke then to the river went,  
And the king's scabbard in threwe hee ;



- But hee kept backe Excalibar,  
And hid it undernethe a tree.
39. Then backe he came to tell the kinge,  
Who sayd, "Sir Lukyn, sawe ye oughte?"  
"Nothinge, my liege, save that the winde  
Nowe with the angrie waters fought."
40. "O Lukyn," said the kinge,  
"Twice haste thou dealt deceytfullye :  
Alacke, whom may we ever truste,  
When suche a knyghte soe false can bee?"
41. "Saye, wouldst thou have thy master dead ;  
All for a sword that wins thine eye ?  
Now goe againe, and throwe it in,  
Or here the one of us shall dye."
42. The duke, all shent with this rebuke,  
No aunswere made unto the kinge :  
But to the rivere tooke the sworde,  
And threwe it far a he coulde flinge.
43. A hande and arme did meete the sworde,  
And flourish'd three times in the air ;  
Then sunke benethe the renninge streame,  
And of the duke was seen noe mair.
44. All sore astonished stood the duke ;  
He stood as still, as still mote bee :  
Then hasten'd backe to tell the kinge ;  
But he was gone from under the tree.

45. But to what place he cold not tell,  
For never after hee did him spye :  
But hee sawe a barge goe from the land  
And he heard ladyes howle and crye.
46. And whether the kinge were there, or not,  
Hee never knewe, nor ever colde :  
For from that sad and direfulle daye,  
Hee never more was seene on molde.
- 

XL.

*MORE.*

Sir Thomas More (1480–1535) was Lord Chancellor during the reign of Henry VIII. He is the author of the first English prose history written in our own language. The work comprised the reign of Edward V and Richard III. But More's most celebrated work was written in Latin and is entitled the *Utopia*. It was completed in 1516 and translated in English in 1551. It is a fanciful description of the author's ideally perfect republic. It is the No Man's Land where everybody practices the Golden Rule and where none are found guilty of crime or folly.

---

XLI.

*THE UTOPIA.*

[Sir Thomas More.]

The Utopians account it piety to prefer the public good to one's private concerns. But they think it unjust for a man to seek for his own pleasure by snatching away another man's pleasures from him. And on the contrary, they think it the sign of a gentle and good soul, for a man to dispense with his own advantage for the good of others ; and that by so doing a good man finds as much pleasure one way as he parts with in another.

They are also persuaded that God will make up the loss of those small pleasures, with a vast and endless joy, of which religion does easily convince a good soul.

Among those who pursue foolish pleasures, the Utopians reckon those who think themselves really the better for having fine clothes, in which they think they are doubly mistaken, both in the opinion that they have of their clothes and of themselves. For if you consider the use of clothes, why should a fine thread be thought better than a coarse one ? And yet that sort of men, as if they had some real advantage over

others, and did not wholly owe it to their mistakes, look big and seem to fancy themselves to be more valuable on that account, and imagine that a respect is due to them for the sake of a rich garment, to which they would not have pretended if they had been more meanly clothed; and they resent it as an affront if that respect is not paid them. \* \* \* \* \*

Among those foolish pursuers of pleasure, the Utopians reckon all those that take delight in hunting, or birding or gaming: of whose madness they have only heard, for they have no such things among them. \* \* \* \*

They look upon indolence and freedom from pain if it does not rise from perfect health, to be a state of stupidity rather than pleasure.

---

XLII.

*ASCHAM.*

Roger Ascham (1515–1568) was the instructor of Queen Elizabeth and of Lady Jane Grey. His work—the School Master—is full of common sense ideas, with reference to study. It also contains a tribute to the studious and appreciative mind of the lovely Lady Jane Grey. His second important work is the *Toxophilus*,

or School of Shooting, containing rules and natural observation intended for the convenience and entertainment of English sportsmen.

---

XLIII.

*THE SCHOOLMASTER.*

[Roger Ascham.]

One example whether love or fear doth work more in a child for virtue and learning, I will gladly report; which may be heard with some pleasure and followed with more profit. Before I went into Germany, I came to Broadgate in Leicestershire, to take leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceedingly much beholden. Her parents, the Duke and Duchess, with all of the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber reading Plato's *Phedo* in the Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccaccio. After salutation and duty done, with some other talk I asked her why she would lose so much pastime in the park. Smiling, she answered me, "I wiss all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure I find in Plato. Alas! good folk they never felt what true pleasure meant."

“And how came you, Madam,” quoth I, “to this deep knowledge of pleasure, and what did chiefly allure you into it, seeing not many women, but very few men have attained thereto?” “I will tell you,” quoth she, “and tell you a truth which perchance ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that God ever gave me is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in the presence either of father or mother, when I speak, keep silence, sit, stand or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing or dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were in such weight, measure and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently, sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs and other ways, which I will not name for the honor I bear them, so without measure mis-ordered that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer; who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all time nothing, while I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatever I do else but learning is full of grief, trouble and fear, and wholly misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth

daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it all other pleasures in very deed be but trifles unto me."

---

XLIV.

*CAXTON.*

William Caxton (1422?-1491), was born in Kent. He introduced printing into England. In early life he was a merchant. In about 1471 he learned the art of printing, and bringing a press into England set it up at Westminster. He first published the book entitled the "Game and Play of Chess." He printed many prose works for money but the poetry of Gower, Chaucer, and Lydgate he issued because he was interested in it. His editions of these poets stimulated the talent of other writers during his time.

---

XLV.

*SKELTON.*

John Skelton (—d. 1529) was the only poet of note during the first twenty years of Henry the Eighth's reign. His poem "Why Come ye Not to Court," is a bitter satire on the proud

Cardinal Wolsey. Another poem, "Colin Clour," was an attack upon the luxury and ostentation of the clergy. His love lyrics are considered somewhat remarkable for their smoothness and originality. Among them is the "Book of Philip Sparrow," which gives an account of the pet bird of a woman called Jane Scrope. . The cat that caught the sparrow is condemned to eternal punishment and the birds all unite in a funeral service over the poor Philip.

---

XLVI.

*ONE OF SKELTON'S LOVE LYRICS.*

[To Mistress Margaret Hussey.]

Merry Margaret  
As midsimmer flower,  
Gentle as a falcon,  
Or hawk of the tower ;  
With solace and gladness  
Much mirth and no madness  
All good and no badness ;  
So joyously,  
So maidenly,  
So womanly,  
Her demeaning,



In everything,  
Far, far passing  
That I can indite  
Or suffice to write,  
Of merry Margaret  
As midsimmer flower,  
Gentle as a falcon  
Or hawk of the tower ;  
As patient and as still,  
And as full of good-will  
As fair Isiphil,  
Coliander,  
Sweet Pomander,  
Good Cassander ;  
Stedfast of thought,  
Well made, well wrought,  
Far may be sought  
Ere you can find  
So courteous, so kind,  
As merry Margaret,  
This midsimmer flower,  
Gentle as a falcon,  
Or hawk of the tower.

---

XLVII.

*THE BOOK OF PHILIP SPARROW.*

[John Skelton.]

How shall I report  
All the goodly sort  
Of her features clere,  
That hath no earthly pere?  
The favor of her face  
Renewed all with grace,  
Comfort, pleasure and solace,  
Myne hert doth so embrace,  
And so hath ravished me  
Her to behold and see  
That in wordes playne,  
I cannot me refrain  
To look on her again.  
Alas, what should I fayne,  
It were a pleasant payne  
With her aye to remayne.  
For this most goodly floure,  
This blossom of fresh colour,  
So Jupiter me socoure  
She flourisheth new and new  
In beauty and vertue:  
Hac claritate gemina  
O gloriosa femina,

Memor esto verbi tui servo tuo !

Servus tuus sum ego.

Her lusty ruby ruddes

Resemble the rose buddes ;

Her lypes soft and merry

Emblomed like a cherry,

It were an heavenly blysse

Her sugred mouth to kysse.

Her beauty to augment

Dame nature hath her lent

A wart upon her cheke.

Who so lyst to seke

In her visage a skar

That seemeth from afar

Like to a radiant star.

She is the violet,

The daisy delectable,

The columbine commendable.

For this most goodly flour,

This blossom of fresh colour,

So Jupiter me socoure

She flourisheth new and new

In beauty and vertue :

Hac claritate gemina

O gloriosa femina,

Bonitatem fecisti cum servo tuo domina,

Et ex praeordiis sonant praeconia !

And when I perceived  
Her wart and conceived,  
It cannot be denied  
But it was well convayed  
And set so womanly  
And nothing wantonly  
But right conveniently  
And full congruently,  
As nature cold devise  
In most goodly wyse :  
Who so lyst behold,  
It maketh lovers bold.  
To her to serve for grace  
Her favour to purchase ;  
The skar upon her chin  
Enhached on her fair skin,  
Whyter than the swan ;  
It would make any man  
To forget deadly sin  
Her favor to win ;  
For this most goodly flour,  
This blossom of fresh colour,  
So Jupiter me socoure  
She flourisheth new and new  
In beauty and vertue.  
Hac claritate gemina  
O gloriosa femina,

Defecit in salutare tuum anima mea ;  
Quid petis filio, mater dulcissima ? ba ba !  
But wherefore should I note  
How often did I tote  
Upon her pretty fote ?  
It raised myne hert rote  
To see her tread the ground  
With heles short and round.  
She is plainly expresse  
Egeria the goddess,  
And like in her image  
Emportuned with courage,  
A lover's pilgrimage,  
Ne no tyger so wood  
But she would change his mood,  
Such relucen<sup>t</sup> grace  
Is formed in her face ;  
For this most goodly flour,  
This blossom of fresh colour,  
So Jupiter me socoure  
She flourisheth new and new  
In beauty and vertue :  
Hac claritate gemina  
O gloriosa femina  
Mirabilia testimonia tua !  
Sicut novellae plantationes in Juventute sua.

XLVIII.

*WYATT AND SURREY.*

Thomas Wyatt (1503–1541), and Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, (1517–1547), were Italian travelers and wrote love lyrics and other short poems which were more modern in style than anything which had hitherto appeared. On a charge of treason the Earl of Surrey was beheaded by Henry VIII. Wyatt imitated the style of Petrarch and was the first to write sonnets in English. Surrey translated two books of “Virgil’s *Æneid*,” and was the first who wrote English in blank verse.

---

XLIX.

*SIR THOMAS WYATT’S POEMS.*

THE LOVER’S LUTE.

1. Blame not my lute for he must sound  
Of this or that, as liketh me;  
For lack of wit the lute is bound,  
To give such tunes as pleaseth me;  
Though my songs be somewhat strange,  
And speak such words as touch my change,  
Blame not my Lute!

2. My Lute, alas! doth not offend,  
Though that perforce he must agree  
To sound such tunes as I intend,  
To sing to them that heareth me;  
Then, though my songs be somewhat plain,  
And toucheth some that use to feign  
Blame not my Lute!
3. My Lute and strings may not deny,  
But as I strike they must obey;  
Break not them then so wrongfully  
But wreak thy self some other way;  
And though the songs which I indite,  
Do quit thy change with rightful spite,  
Blame not my Lute!
4. Blame but thyself that hast misdone;  
And well deserved to have blame;  
Change thou thy way so evil begone,  
And then my Lute shall sound that same;  
But if till then my fingers play,  
By thy desert their wonted way,  
Blame not my Lute!
5. Farewell, unknown, for though thou break  
My strings in spite with great disdain,  
Yet have I found out for thy sake,  
Strings for to string my Lute again:

And if perchance this silly rhyme,  
Do make thee blush at any time,  
Blame not my lute!

THE LOVER FREED FROM BONDAGE.

1. I am as I am and so will I be,  
But how that I am none knoweth truly.  
Be it ill be it well, be I bound be I free,  
I am as I am, and so will I be.
2. I lead my life indifferently ;  
I mean nothing but honesty ;  
And though folks judge full diversely,  
I am as I am and so will I die.
3. I do not rejoice nor yet complain;  
Both mirth and sadness I do refrain,  
And use the means since folks will feign;  
Yet I am as I am, be it pleasant or pain.
4. Yet some there be that take delight,  
To judge folk's thought for envy and spite,  
But whether they judge me wrong or right,  
I am as I am and so do I write.
5. Praying you all that this do read,  
To trust it as you do your creed ;  
And not to think I change my weed:  
For I am as I am, however I speed.



6. But how that is I leave to you ;  
Judge as ye list, false or true,  
Ye know no more than afore ye knew,  
Yet I am as I am, whatever ensue.
7. And from this mind I will not flee,  
But to you all that misjudge me  
I do protest as you may see,  
That I am as I am, and so will be.
- 

L.

*EARL OF SURREY'S POEMS.*

AGE OF CHILDREN THE HAPPIEST.

I.

Laid in my quiet bed,  
In study as I were,  
I saw within my troubled head  
A heap of thoughts appear.

II.

And every thought did show  
So lively in mine eyes,  
That now I sighed and then I smiled  
As cause of thoughts did rise.

III.

I saw the little boy  
And thought how oft that he  
Did wish of God to scape the rod  
A tall young man to be.

IV.

The young man eke that feels  
His bones with pain opprest  
How he would be a rich old man,  
To live and die at rest.

V.

The rich old man that sees  
His end draw on so sore,  
How he would be a boy again  
To live so much the more.

VI.

Whereat full oft I smiled  
To see how all these three  
From boy to man, from man to boy  
Would chop and change degree.

VII.

And musing thus I think  
The case is very strange,  
That man from wealth to live in woe,  
Doth seek to change.

VIII.

Thus thoughtful as I lay,  
I saw my withered skin,  
How it doth show my dented thews,  
My flesh was worn so thin ;

IX.

And eke my toothless chaps,  
The gates of my right way,  
That opes and shuts as I do speak  
Do thus unto me say :

X.

“The white and hoarish hairs,  
The messenger of age  
That shows like lines of true belief  
That this life doth assuage ;

XI.

“Bids thee lay hand and feel  
Them hanging on my chin  
The which do write to ages past,  
The third now coming in.

XII.

“Hang up, therefore, the bit  
Of thy young wanton times,  
And thou that therein beaten art,  
The happiest life define ;”

XIII.

Whereat I sighed and said,  
Farewell my wonted joy,  
Truss up thy pack and trudge from me  
To every little boy ;

XIV.

And tell them thus from me  
Their time most happy is,  
If to their time they reason had  
To know the truth of this.

---

LI.

*THE SCOTCH POETS.*

Among the most celebrated of the Scotch poets who wrote during the fifteenth century were King James I., Wm. Dunbar, Gawin Douglas and Robert Henryson. The poems of these writers are peculiar for their Scotch dialect and high colored vivid descriptions. James I. wrote the "King's Quire," or Book, a collection of love poems many of which were written during the monarch's nineteen years' imprisonment at Windsor. One of the most graceful of these lyrics gives an account of how the Scotch King fell in love with Lady Jane Beaufort, niece of Henry IV. Dunbar, besides many beautiful short poems, wrote the "Thistle and the Rose," celebrating the marriage of James IV. and Margaret Tudor; and the "Golden Terge," an allegory representing the Poet as conversing with Love, Beauty, and Reason. Douglas wrote metrical translations of the Latin

poets Ovid and Virgil. Henryson was celebrated for his poetical fables. They were somewhat long and contained allusions to the classics and to the politics of the day. They are interspersed with elaborate dialogues, and are, on the whole, quite at variance with the usual compact form of the Fable.

---

LII.

*JAMES I., OF SCOTLAND.*

KING'S QUIRE.

[A prisoner in Windsor he first sees Lady Jane Beaufort  
who was afterwards his queen.]

1. Bewailing in my chamber thus alone,  
Despairing of all joy and remedy,  
For tired of my thought and woe begone,  
Unto the window gan I walked in hy  
To see the world folk that went forbye,  
As for the time thought I of mirthis food  
Might have no more, to look it did me good.
2. Now there made fast by the towris wall  
A garden fair, and in the corners set,  
An arbour green with wandes long and small.  
Railed about and so with treeis set  
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,  
That life was none walking there forbye  
That might within scarce any wight espy.

3. And on the small green twistis sat,  
The little sweete nightengale and sung  
So loud and clear the hymnis consecrat  
Of loves use now soft, now loud among  
That all the gardens and the wallis rung  
Right of their song.       \*       \*       \*
4. —Cast I down mine eyes again,  
Whereas I saw walking under the tower  
Full secretly comen here to playn  
The fairest and the freshest younge flower  
That ever I saw, methought, before that hour.  
For which sudden abate, anon astart  
The blood of all my body to my heart.
5. And though I stood abashed tho' a lite  
No wonder was; for why? my wittis all  
Were so overcome with pleasance and delight  
Only through letting of my eyen fall;  
For suddenly my heart became her thrall,  
Forever of free will, forever of menace  
There was no token in her sweet face.
6. And in, my head I drew right hastily  
And eftsoons I leant it out again  
And saw her walk that vary womanly  
With no wight mo' but only women twain.  
Then gan I study in myself and sayn,  
Oh sweet! are ye a worldly creature,  
Or heavenly thing in likeness of nature;

7. Or are ye Cupid's own princess  
And comin are to loose me out of bond,  
Or are ye very nature the Goddesse  
That have depainted with your heavenly  
hand,  
This garden full of flowers as they stand ?  
What shall I think, alas ! what reverence  
Shall I mister unto your excellence ?
8. Of her array the form if I shall write,  
Toward her golden hair and rich attire,  
In fretwise couchit with pearlis white  
And great balas leaming as the fire  
With mony an emerald and fair sapphire,  
And on her head a chaplet fresh of hue  
Of plumes parted red and white and blue ;
9. Full of quaking spangis bright as gold  
Forged of shape like to the amoretts,  
So new, so fresh, so pleasant to behold,  
The plumis eke like the flower jouetts ;  
And other of shape like to the flower jouetts;  
And above all this there was well I wot,  
Beauty enough to make a world to doat.
10. In her was youth, beauty with humble aourt,  
Bounty, richness, and womanly feature,  
God better wat than my pen can report ;  
Wisdom, largess, estate, and cunning sure,

In every point so guided her measure  
In word, and deed, in shape and countenance  
That nature might no more her child avance.

11. And when she walked had a little thraw  
Under the sweet boughis bent,  
Her fair, fresh face as white as any snow,  
She turned has and forth her wayis went ;  
But then mine aches and torment,  
To see her part, and follow I na might ;  
Methought the day was turned into night.
- 

LIII.

*ROBERT HENRYSON.*

[The Town Mouse receives the Country Mouse.]

\* \* \* Their harbory was tane  
Into a space where victual was plenty,  
Both chees and butter on langshelves right high  
With fish and flesh enough both fresh and salt,  
And poiks full of groats both meal and malt.  
After, when they disposit where to dine,  
Withouten grace they washed and went to meat,  
On every dish that cookmen can divine,  
Mutton and beef cut out in pieces great ;  
A lordis fare thus can they counterfeit,  
Except one thing, they drank the water clear



Instead of wine, but yet they made good cheer,  
With blyth upcast, and merry countenance.  
The elder sister then spiered at her guest.  
If that she thought by reason difference  
Betwixt the chamber and her sorry nest.  
“Yea dame,” quoth she, “but how long will it  
last?”

“Forever mair I think and longer too.”  
“If that be true ye are at ease,” quoth she.  
To eik the cheer in plenty forth they brought  
A plate of groatis and a dish of meal,  
A set of cakes I trow she spared them nought,  
Abundantly about her for to deal.  
Fromage full fine she brought instead of jeil,  
A white candle out of a coffer staw,  
Instead of spice to creish their teeth with a’,  
Thus made they merry, while they might no  
mair,  
And “Hail, yule, hail!” they cryit upon hie;  
But after joy often times comes care,  
And trouble after great prosperity;  
Thus as they sat in all their solity  
The spencer came with keyes in his hand,  
Opened the door, and them at dinner fand.  
They tarried not to wash, as I suppose,  
But on to go who might the foremost win;  
The burgess had a hole and in she goes,

Her sister had no place to hide her in ;  
To see that silly mouse it was great sin,  
So desolate and wild of all good rede,  
For very fear she fell into a swoon near dead.  
Then as God would it fell in happy case,  
The spencer had no leasure for to bide,  
Neither to force, to seek, nor scare, nor chase,  
But on he went and cast the door up wide.  
This burgess mouse his passage weel has spied.  
Out of her hole she came and cried on high,  
“How, fair sister, cry peep, where’er thou be.”  
With fair ’treaty yet made she her rise ;  
To board they went and on together sat,  
But scantly had they drunken once or twice,  
When in came Gib Hunter our jolly cat  
And bade God speed. The burgess then up gat  
And to her hole she fled as fire of flint.  
But Gib the other by the back has hent,  
From foot to foot he cast her to and fro  
While up, while down as cant as ony kid ;  
While would he let her run under the straw,  
While would he wink and play with her bilk-  
hid,  
Thus to the silly mouse great harm he did ;  
While at the last through fair fortune and hap,  
Betwixt the dresser and the wall she crap,  
Then up in haste behind the paneling,

So high she clam that Gilbert might not get her,  
And by the clukis craftily can hing,  
Till he was gone, her cheer was all the better ;  
Then down she lap, when there was none to let  
her ;

Then to the burgess mouse loud gan she cry,  
“ Farewell, sister, there I thy feast defy.”

But I heard then she passit to her den

As warm as woo'. Suppose it was not great,  
Full beinly stuffit was baith but and ben  
With peas and nuts, and beans and rye and  
wheat ;

When e'er she liked she had enough of meat,  
In quiet and ease withouten any dread,  
But till her sister's feast nae mair she gaed.

#### MORAL.

Blissed be simple life withouten dreid ;  
Blissid be sober feaste in quiete ;  
Wha has enough of no mair has he neid,  
Though it be little into quantity.  
Great abundance and blind prosperity,  
Oft timis make an evil conclusion ;  
The sweetest life therefore in this countree  
Is of sickness with small possessian.

LIV.

*WILLIAM DUNBAR.*

THE MERLE AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

1. In May as that Aurora did upspring,  
With crystal een, chasing the cluddes sable,  
I heard a merle with merry notis sing  
A song of love with voice right comfortable,  
Agin' the orient beamis amibable,  
Upon a blisful branch of laurel green ;  
This was his sentence sweet and delectable,  
A lusty life in lovis service been.
2. Under this branch ran down a river bright,  
Of balmy liquor crystalline of hue,  
Again' the heavenly azure skyis light,  
Where did upon the tother side pursue  
A nightingale with sugared notis new,  
Whose angel feathers as the peacock shone ;  
This was her song and of a sentence true,  
All love is lost but upon God alone.
3. With notis glad and glorious harmony,  
This joyful merle, so salust she the day,  
While rung the woodis of her melody,  
Saying, awake ye lovers of this May ;  
Lo, fresh Flora has flourished every spray,  
As nature has her taught the noble queen,  
The field been clothit in a new array ;  
A lusty life in love's service been.

4. Ne'er sweeter noise was heard with living  
man,  
Than made this merry gentle nightingale ;  
Her sound went with the river as it ran,  
Out through the fresh and flourished lusty  
vale ;  
O merle ! quoth she, O fool ! stint of thy  
tale,  
For both is tint, the time and the travail  
Of every love but upon God alone.
5. " Cease " quoth the merle, " thy preaching,  
nightingale,  
Shall folk their youth spend into holiness ?  
Of young sanctis, grows old feindis, but  
fable ;  
Fye hypocrite in yearis tenderness,  
Against the law of kind thou goest express,  
That crooked age makes one with youth  
serene,  
Whom nature of conditions made diverse,  
A lusty life in lovis service been."
6. The nightingale said " Fool, remember thee  
That both in youth and eld and every hour,  
The love of God most dear to men should  
be ;  
That him of nought, wrought like his own  
figure,

And died himself from dead him to succour;  
O, was there then a true love shown or none?  
He is most true and steadfast paramour,  
And love is lost but upon him alone."

7. The merle said, "Why put God so great  
beauty

In ladies which sic womanly having,  
But gif he would that they should lovit be?  
To love, eke nature gave them inclining,  
And he of nature, that worker was and king,  
Would nothing useless put, nor let be seen,  
Into his creature of his own making;  
A lusty life of lovis service been."

8. The nightingale said, "Not to that behoof,  
Put God sic beauty in a lady's face,  
That *She* should have the thank therefor or  
love.

But *He*, the worker that put in her sic grace;  
Of beauty, bounty, riches, time and space,  
And every goodness that been to come or  
gone

The thank rebounds to him in every place:

- ' All love is lost but upon God alone."

9. "O, nightingale! it were a story nice,  
That love should not depend on charity;  
And gif that virtue contrair be to vice,  
Than love maun be a virtue as thinks me;

For aye to love envy maun contrair be :  
God bade eke love thy neighbor from the  
spleen  
And who than ladies sweeter neighbors be ?  
A lusty life in lovis service been."

10. The nightingale said, " Bird why dost thou  
rave ?

Man may take in his lady sic delight,  
Him to forget who her sic virtue gave  
And from his heaven receive her colour  
white ;

Her golden tressit hairis rebound,  
Like to Apollo's beamis tho' they shone  
Should not him blind from love that is per-  
fite ;  
All love is lost but upon God alone."

11. The merle said, " Love is cause of honour,  
aye,

Love makis cowards manhood to purchase,  
Love makis Knightis hardy at essay,  
Love makis wretches full of large'ness,  
Love makis slothfull full of business,  
Love makis sluggards fresh and well be  
seen,

Love changes vice in virtuous nobleness ;  
A lusty life in lovis service been."

12. The nightingale said, " True is the contrary,  
Thus useless love blindis men so far,  
Into their minds it makes them to vary ;  
In false vain glory they so drunken are  
Their wit is went, of woe they are not waur,  
While that all worship away be fro' them  
gone,  
Fame, goods and strength ; wherefore well  
say I daur,  
All love is lost but upon God alone."
13. Then said the merle, " Mine error I confess:  
This useless love is all but vanity ;  
Blind ignorance me gave sic hardiness,  
To argue so against the verity :  
Wherefore I counsel every man that he,  
With love, not in the feindis net be tone,  
But love the love that did for his love die ;  
All love is lost but on God alone."
14. Then sang they both with voices loud and  
clear,  
The merle sang, " Man, love God that has  
thee wrought,"  
The nightingale sang, " Man, love the Lord  
most dear,  
That thee and all this world made of  
naught,"



The merle said, "Love him that thy love has  
sought,

Fro' heaven to earth, and here took flesh and  
bone :"

The nightingale sang, "And with his dead,  
thee bought :

All love is lost but upon Him alone."

---

LV.

*SACKVILLE.*

Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst. 1536-1608.

In the "Mirror of Magistrates" the poet, like Dante, represented himself as descending to the lower world. An allegorical character called Sorrow leads the way. Within the portals of the infernal region are personages representing the various passions and conditions of human life. It was the design of the poet to continue the description by picturing all the celebrated English statesmen of the past. Each was to tell his own story as a warning to all present and future rulers. But Sackville never carried out his design. After writing the Induction and the story of the life of Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, the author left his work for inferior poets to complete. Seven writers contributed to it tales of but little value.

LVI.

*THOMAS SACKVILLE.*

MIRROR OF MAGISTRATES.

[The Induction.]

I.

The wrathful winter proaching on a-pace  
With blustering blasts had all ybared the treen,  
And old Saturnus with his frosty face  
With chilling cold had pearst the tender green :  
The mantles rent, wherein enwrapped been  
The gladsome groves that now lay over throw  
The foliage torn and every bloom down blown.

II.

Hawthorn had lost his motley livery  
The naked twigs were shivering all for cold :  
And dropping down the tears abundantly,  
Each thing, (me thought) with weeping eye me-  
told

The cruel season, bidding me withhold  
Myself within, for I was gotten out  
Into the fields where I walked about.

III.

When lo ! the night with misty mantle spread  
Gan dark the day and dim the azure skies,  
And Venus in her message Hermes sped

To bloody Mars to will him not to rise  
While she herself, approached in speedy wise :  
And Virgo, hiding her disdainful breast  
With Thetis now had laid her down to rest.

IV.

And strength forth stalking with redoubled pace  
For that I saw the night draw on so fast,  
In black all clad there fell before my face  
A piteous wight, whom woe had all forwaste ;  
Forth from her eyen the crystal tears outbrast  
And sighing sore her hands she wrung and fold  
Tear all her hair that ruth was to behold.

V.

“ Alas I wretch, whom thus thou seest distrained  
With wasting woes that never shall aslake,  
Sorrow I am in endless torments pained  
Among the furies in the infernal lake :  
Where Pluto, god of Hell, so grisly black  
Doth hold his throne and Lethæus deadly taste  
Doth rieve remembrance of each thing forepast.”

VI.

And forth she paced in her fearful tale :  
“ Come, come (quod she) and see what I shall  
show :  
Come hear the planing and the bitter bale  
Of worthy men, by Fortune over throw.

Come thou and see them rewing, all in row,  
They were but shades that erst in mind thou  
rolde

Come, come with me, thy eyes shall them behold.

VII.

“I shall thee guide first to the grisly lake,  
And thence unto the blissful place of rest,  
Where thou shalt see and hear the plaint they  
make,

That whilom here bear swing among the best.  
This shalt thou see, but great is the unrest  
That thou must bide before thou canst attain  
Unto the dreadful place where these remain.”

VIII.

And first within the porch and jaws of Hell  
Sat deep Remorse of conscience, all besprent  
With tears; and to herself oft would she tell  
Her wretchedness, and cursing never stent  
To sob and sigh: but ever thus lament  
With thoughtful care, as she that all in vain  
Would wear and waste continually in pain.

IX.

And next within the entry of this lake  
Sat fell Revenge, gnashing her teeth for ire  
Devising means how she may vengeance take,  
Never to rest till she have her desire;

But frets within so far forth with the fire  
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she  
To die by death or venged by death to be.

X.

By her lay Heavy Sleep the cousin of Death  
Flat on the ground and still as any stone,  
A very corpse save yielding forth a breath,  
Small keep took he whom Fortune frowned on,  
Or whom she lifted up into the throne  
Of high renown ; but as a living death,  
So dead alive, of life he drew the breath.

XI.

And next in order sad Old Age we found  
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind,  
With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,  
As on the place where nature him assigned  
To rest, when that the sisters had untwined  
His vital thread, and ended with their knife  
The fleeting course of fast declining life.

XII.

Crooked back he was, tooth shaken and bleary  
eyed,  
Went on three feet and sometimes crept on four,  
With old lame bones that rattled by his side  
His scalp all piled and he with eld forlore :

His withered fist still knocking at death's door,  
Fumbling and driveling as he draws his breath,  
For brief, the shape and messenger of death.

XIII.

But oh! the doleful sight that then we see ;  
We turned our look and on the other side  
A grisly shape of Famine maight we see  
With greedy looks and gaping mouth that cried  
And roared for meat as she should there have  
died,  
Her body thin and bare as any bone,  
Whereto was left nought but the case alone.

XIV.

Lastly stood War, in glittering arms yelad  
With visage grim, stern looks, and blackly  
hewed ;  
In his right hand a naked sword he had,  
That to the hilt was all in blood imbrued ;  
And in his left, that Kings and kingdoms rewed,  
Famine and fire he held and therewith all,  
He razed towns, and threw down towers and all.

XV.

In midst of which depainted there we found  
Deadly Debate, all full of snaky hair,  
That with a bloody fillet was ybound,  
Outbreathing nought but discord every where.

And round about were portrayed here and there  
The hugie hosts, Darius and his power,  
His kings, princes, his peers and all his flower.

XVI.

Yet saw I more, the fight at Trasimene  
And Trebia's field and eke when Hannibal  
And worthy Scipio last in arms were seen  
Before Carthago fate to try for all  
The world's empire ; to whom it should befall.  
There saw I Pompey and Cæsar clad in arms  
Their hosts allied and all their civil harms :

XVII.

Xerxes the Persian King yet saw I there,  
With his huge host that drank the river dry,  
Dismounted hills and made the vales uprear,  
His host and all yet saw I stain, pardie.  
Thebes I saw all razed how it did lie  
In heaps of stones, and Tyrus put to spoil,  
With walls and towers flat evened with the soil.

XVIII.

Thence came we to the horror and the hell  
The large great kingdoms, and the dreadful  
    reign  
Of Pluto, in his throne where he did dwell,  
The wide, waste places and the huge plain ;

The wailings, shrieks and sundry sorts of pain,  
The sighs, the sobs, the deep and deadly groan,  
Earth, air and all resounding plaint and moan.

XIX.

“Lo here,” quoth Sorrow, “Princes of renown  
That whilom sat on top of Fortune’s wheel,  
Now laid full low, like wretches whirled down,  
Even with one frown that stayed but with a  
smile,  
And now behold the thing that thou erewhile,  
Saw only in thought, and what thou now shall  
hear  
Recount the same to Cæsar King and Peer.

XX.

Then first came Henry, Duke of Buckingham  
His cloak of black all piled and quite forworne,  
Wringing his hands, and fortune oft doth blame,  
Which of a duke had made him now her scorn.  
With ghastly looks as one in manner lorn,  
Oft spread his arms, stretched hands he joins as  
fast  
With rueful cheer, and vaped eyes upcast.

XXI.

Thrice he began to tell his doleful tale,  
And thrice the sighs did swallow up his voice,  
At each of which he shrieked so withal



As though the heavens rived with the noise :  
Till at the last, recovering his voice,  
Supping the tears that all his breast berained  
On cruel Fortune weeping, thus he plained.

---

LVII.

*SPENSER.*

[Edmund Spenser. 1562-1599.]

He was born in London. His intimate friends at Cambridge University were Gabriel Harvey and Edward Kirk, both afterwards celebrated as literary men. In 1576 he finished his college course and spent some time in the country of Lancashire. Here he fell in love with a certain Rose Lynde. In one of his poems he speaks of her as "Rosalind a fair widow's daughter of the glen." He was rejected and this caused his return to London where he became acquainted with the celebrated poet and prose writer, Sir Philip Sydney. Shortly after this he published his first important work, the "Shepherd's Calendar." This poem is divided into twelve Eclogues, corresponding with the months of the year. The work is a pastoral, but in the disguise of shepherds are represented the celebrated characters of the poet's own time. It contains

several gracefully-told fables ; also satires on the clergy and other public persons. In it are various allusions to the faithless Rosalind and some verses in praise of Elizabeth, a lady whom the poet afterwards married. In 1580 Spenser became a secretary of Lord Grey and went to Ireland.

After a time the English government permanently settled him in southern Ireland and he was granted an estate known as Kilcolman Castle. Here he began his famous allegorical epic, the "Faery Queen."

The work was never completed, but was intended to comprise twelve books. The hero of each was to be a knight representing some moral virtue. The six books which were written are stories about the knights of Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, Friendship, Justice and Courtesy. The hero of the whole work is the British Prince Arthur, who is the embodiment of all manly virtues. It was designed that he should be united in marriage with the Faery Queen, who represents the divine glory of God bestowed as a reward for a life of high thoughts and aims. The various allegorical personages in the work also represent the famous names of history. The Faery Queen is Elizabeth ; Duessa

or Falsehood is Mary Stuart; Prince Arthur is Lord Leicester or Philip Sydney. The Soldan is Philip II of Spain. The connection between the books of the poem is confused, but each is complete and clear in itself. When the first three books of this wonderful work were finished Spenser read them to Raleigh at Kilcolman Castle. The listener was charmed with them and took the poet to England where Elizabeth and her court read them with great delight. In 1591 Spenser, while still in England, collected his short poems, many of which had been written during his youth. The most celebrated of this collection are, "Mother Hubbard's Tale," a satire on society and the church; "The Tears of the Muses," lamenting the lack of appreciation of literature; "Epithalamion," a hymn celebrating his own marriage; and "Prothalamion," written in honor of the marriage of Lord Worcester's daughters. The *Epithalamion* has been pronounced the most glorious love song in the English language, and its companion the Prothalamion is remarkably musical. By 1595 he had completed another three books of the "Faery Queen."

In 1598, during an Irish insurrection Kilcolman Castle was plundered and burned. One of the poet's children was consumed in the fire.

Spenser and his family fled to England. In the midst of this great affliction the poet died at a London inn.

---

LVIII.

*EPITHALAMION.*

[Spenser's Marriage Hymn.]

Wake now, my love, awake ; for it is time ;  
The rosy morn long since left Tithon's bed,  
All ready to her silver coach to climb ;  
And Phoebus 'gins to show his glorious head.  
Hark ! now the cheerful birds do chant their  
    lays,  
And carol of Love's praise.  
The merry lark her matins sings aloft ;  
The thrush replies ; the mavis descant plays ;  
The ouzel shrills ; the ruddock warbles soft ;  
So goodly all agree with sweet consent,  
To this day's merriment.  
Oh, my dear love why do you sleep thus long,  
When meeter were that you should now awake  
T' await the coming of thy joyous mate,  
And harken to the birds' love-learned song,  
The dewy leaves among !  
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,  
That all the woods them answer and their echo  
    ring.

My love is now awake out of her dream,  
And her fair eyes like stars that dimmed were  
With darksome cloud, now show their goodly  
beams

More bright than Hesperus his head doth rear.  
Come now ye damsels, daughters of delight,  
Help quickly her to dight :  
But first come, ye fair Hours, which were begot,  
In Jove's sweet paradise, of Day and Night ;  
Which do the seasons of the year allot,  
And all that ever in this world is fair,  
Do make and still repair ;  
And ye three maidens of the Cyprian Queen,  
The which do still adorn her beauty's pride,  
Help to adorn my beautifullest bride :  
And as ye her array still throw between  
Some graces to be seen ;  
And as ye used to Venus, to her sing,  
The whiles the woods shall answer and your  
echo ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come :  
Let all the virgins, therefore, well await ;  
And ye, fresh boys, that tend upon her groom,  
Prepare yourselves, for he is coming straight ;  
Set all your things, in seemly good array,  
Fit for so joyful day :  
The joyfull'st day that ever sun did see.

Fair Sun ! show forth thy favorable ray,  
And let thy lifeful heart not fervent be,  
For fear of burning her sunshiny face,  
Her beauty to disgrace.  
O fairest Phœbus ! father of the Muse !  
If ever I did honor thee aright,  
Or sing the thing that might thy mind delight,  
Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse,  
But let this day, let this one day be mine ;  
Let all the rest be thine.  
Then I thy sovereign praises loud will sing,  
That all the woods shall answer and their echo  
ring.

Lo where she comes along with portly pace  
Like Phœbe from her chamber in the east,  
Arising forth to run her mighty race,  
Clad all in white that seems a virgin best.  
So well it her beseems that ye would ween  
Some angel she had been.

\* \* \* \* \*

Her modest eyes abashed to behold  
So many gazens as on her do stare,  
Upon the lowly ground affixed are ;  
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,  
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,  
So far from being proud.

Nathless do ye still loud her praises sing,  
That all the woods may answer and your echo  
ring !

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,  
The inward beauty of her lively spirite  
Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,  
Much more then would ye wonder at the sight,  
And stand astonished like to those which read  
Medusa's mazeful head.

There dwells sweet love and constant chastity,  
Unspotted faith and comely womanhood,  
Regard of honor and mild modesty ;

There virtue reigns as queen in royal throne,  
And giveth laws alone,

The which the base affections do obey,  
And yield their services unto her will ;

Ne thought of things uncomely ever may  
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.

Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures,  
And unrevealed pleasures,

Then would ye wonder and her praises sing,  
That all the woods would answer and your echo  
ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love,  
Open them wide that she may enter in,  
And all the posts adorn as doth behooove,  
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,

For to receive this suit with honor due,  
That cometh in to you.  
With trembling steps and humble reverence,  
She cometh in before the Almighty's view :  
Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience,  
When so ye come into those holy places,  
To humble your proud faces :  
Bring her up to the high altar that she may  
The sacred ceremonies there partake,  
The which do endless matrimony make ;  
And let the roaring organs loudly play  
The praises of the Lord in lively notes ;  
The whiles with hollow throats,  
The choristers the joyous anthem sing,  
That all the woods may answer and their echo  
ring.

Behold while she before the altar stands,  
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,  
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,  
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,  
And the pure snow with goodly vermeil stain,  
Like crimson dyed in grain ;  
That even the angels which continually  
Above the sacred alter do remain,  
Forget their service and about her fly,  
Oft peeping in her face that seems more fair,  
The more they on it stare.



But her sad eyes still fastened on the ground,  
Are governed with goodly modesty,  
That suffers not a look to glance awry,  
Which may let in a little thought unsound ;  
Why blush you, love, to give to me your hand,  
The pledge of all our band ?  
Sing, ye sweet angels, alleluya sing,  
That all the woods may answer and your echo  
ring.



# Dime Series of Question Books,

with Full Answers, Notes, Queries, Etc., by A. P. Southwick.

## Elementary Series.

3. Physiology.
4. Theory and Practice.
6. U. S. History and Civil Gov't
10. Algebra.
13. American Literature.
14. Grammar.
15. Orthography and Etymology.
18. Arithmetic.
19. Physical and Political Geog.
20. Reading and Punctuation.

## Advanced Series.

1. Physics.
2. General Literature.
5. General History.
7. Astronomy.
8. Mythology.
9. Rhetoric.
11. Botany.
12. Zoology.
16. Chemistry.
17. Geology.

**PRICE TEN CENTS EACH.**

The immense sale of the Regents' Questions in Arithmetic, Geography, Grammar, and Spelling has led to frequent inquiry for similar questions in advanced subjects. To meet this demand, we have had prepared this series of Question Books, which, compared with the many books of the sort already published, presents the following advantages:

1. **ECONOMY.**—The teacher need purchase books only on the subjects upon which special help is needed. Frequently a \$1.50 book is bought for the sake of a few questions in a single study. Here the studies may be taken up one at a time, a *special advantage in New York, since applications for State Certificates may now present themselves for examination in only part of the subjects, and receive partial certificates to be exchanged for full certificates when all the branches have been passed.* The same plan is very generally pursued by county superintendents and commissioners who are encouraging their teachers to prepare themselves for higher certificates.

2. **THOROUGHNESS.**—Each subject occupies from 32 to 40 pages, carefully compiled, and referring to the leading text-books. The questions in large type compare in number with those given in other Question Books, while besides these there are many notes, queries, and practical hints, *that fill the learner's mind with suggestions to further investigation and personal thought upon the subject. In this particular these Question Books escape the severe criticism that has been passed upon the mere Crumming-Books*

3. **UTILITY.**—The Dime Question Books are printed in three sizes of type, carefully distinguishing which is most essential, that the teacher who has but little time may concentrate it upon the salient points, and afterward fill in the interesting but less important matter at leisure. The handsome page and the clear type add much to the attractiveness of the series.

*The Entire Series is now ready. Each sent Post-paid for 10 cts. Each Series of Ten in one book, cloth bound, \$1.50.*

Address **C. W. BARDEEN**, Publisher, Syracuse, N. Y.

# The Regents' Questions.

Since 1886 the Regents of the State of New York have held examinations three times a year in all the Academies and Academic Departments of the Union Schools, granting certificates to such pupils as pass satisfactorily, and apportioning upon these certificates a large sum of money among the schools of the State. As pupils begin the study of the higher branches after passing this examination, the questions are made to embrace all that is *practical* in the above branches. In all these 3,000 questions not a single *unimportant* or "catch" question can be found. They are now used as text-books in many of the leading schools of the country. Cornell University, and most other colleges recognizing their practical character, now admit, without any further examination upon these subjects, pupils who have passed an examination upon these questions. Students must pass these examinations before they are admitted to Teachers' Classes in Academies, and by the new rules of the New York Court of Appeals, applicants for examination or for clerkship, shall, if not college graduates, first pass one of these examinations.

The following TEN EDITIONS are published:

1. The Regents' Questions in Arithmetic, Geography, Grammar and Spelling, complete with Keys to the Arithmetic, Geography and Grammar Questions, 16mo, cloth, pp. 473 ..... \$2.00
2. The Regents' Questions in Arithmetic, Geography, Grammar and Spelling, *Complete*, cloth, pp. 340..... 1.00
3. The Regents' Question in *Arithmetic*, manilla, cloth back. . . . . 25
4. Key to the same, manilla, cloth back. . . . . 25
5. The same, each on slip of Card-board, in box, with key. . . . . 1.00
6. The Regents' Questions in *Geography*, manilla, cloth back. . . . . 25
7. Key to the same, manilla, cloth back. . . . . 25
8. The Regents' Questions in *Grammar*, manilla, cloth back. . . . . 25
9. The Regents' Questions in *Grammar*, with *Key*, with *References upon every point to all the leading text-books now in use, thus forming a COMPARATIVE ENGLISH GRAMMAR*, cloth, pp. 198..... 1.00
10. The Key to the Grammar without the questions, manilla, cloth back. . . . . 25
11. The Regents' Questions in *Spelling*, manilla, cloth back. . . . . 25

The questions for the Regents' Higher Examinations have never been published, the Regents forbidding it. Instead, we have issued the Dime Question Books, with full answers, covering all the ground required. Special circulars sent on application.

Any of the above will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the prices annexed.

Address,

C. W. BARDEEN, Publisher,  
Syracuse, N. Y.

# The Best Books for Teachers.

Standard, Uniform, Practical.

**I. COMMON SCHOOL LAW.** A digest of statute and common law as to the relations of the Teacher to the Pupil, the Parent, and the District. With 400 references to legal decisions in 21 different States. To which are added the 1400 questions given at the first seven New York Examinations for State Certificates. 7th thousand. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 188 and Appendix. Price 50 cts.

An hour to each of the seven chapters of this little book will make the teacher master of any legal difficulty that may arise; while ignorance of it puts him at the mercy of a rebellious pupil, an exacting parent, or a dishonest trustee.

**II. Buckham's HAND-BOOKS FOR YOUNG TEACHERS. No 1. FIRST STEPS.** Cloth, 16mo, pp. 152. Price 75 cts.

This manual thoroughly and completely covers a ground not yet trodden. It is simple, it is practical, it is suggestive, it is wonderfully minute in detail; in short, it anticipates all the difficulties likely to be encountered, and gives the beginner the counsel of an older friend.

**III. De Graff's SCHOOL ROOM GUIDE**, embodying the instruction given by the author at Teachers' Institutes in New York and other States, and especially intended to assist Public School Teachers in the practical work of the school-room. Tenth edition, with many additions and corrections. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 449. \$1.50.

This book bears the same relation to modern teaching that Page's Theory and Practice bore to the teaching of thirty years ago. It is in every way a Complete Manual, invaluable and indispensable.

**IV. PRIMARY HELPS.** Being No. 1 of a new series of Kindergarten Manuals: by *W. N. Hallmann, A. M.*, editor of *The Kindergarten Messenger* and *the New Education*. Large 8vo, pp. 88, with 15 full-page illustrations. Price 75 cts.

In these days, no teacher can afford to be ignorant of "The New Education," based on the great principle of directing instead of repressing the activity of childhood. As is well remarked by the *New England Journal of Education*,—"The general principles here laid down have been applied in many public schools, but the method has never before been thoroughly systematized and perfected."

**V. Hughes's MISTAKES IN TEACHING.** American edition, with contents and index. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 185. Price 50 cts.

Superintendents frequently choose this book for their less thoughtful teachers, assured that its pungent style and chatty treatment will arrest their attention and produce good results.

Any of the above sent post-paid on receipt of the price.

**C. W. BARDEEN, Publisher,**  
Syracuse, N. Y.

# WHY MAKE MISTAKES IN SPEECH?

"Speak the Speech, I pray you, as I Pronounced it to you,  
Trippingly on the Tongue—"

## Try the following Standard Works.

I. *De Graf's PRACTICAL PHONICS*, with 3,000 Words commonly mispronounced, uniform with the author's School-Room Guide. 16mo, pp. 108. *Revised Edition*. Price 75 cts.

"The book before us is the latest, and in many respects the best, of the manuals prepared for this purpose. The directions for teaching elementary sounds are remarkably explicit and simple, and the diacritical marks are fuller than in any other book we know of, the obscure vowels being marked, as well as the accented ones. This manual is not like others of its kind, a simple reference book. It is meant for careful study and drill, and is especially adapted to class use."—*New England Journal of Education*.  
"We took the book into immediate class use, and tested it by Webster, edition of '80, and found it accurate in all points. We bespeak for it the success it richly merits."—*School Moderator, Mich.*

II. *De Graf's POCKET PRONOUNCING BOOK*. Containing the 3,000 Words and Phonetic Chart from the above book, in stout manilla covers, for the pocket. 16mo, pp. 47. Price 15 cts.

"This is a reprint of the excellent selection of 3,000 words given by the author in his *Practical Phonics*, and has the special merits of being convenient for the pocket and cheap."—*New England Journal of Education*.

III. *Pooler's HINTS ON TEACHING ORTHOEPY*. Paper, 16mo, pp. 15. Price 10 cts.

"This work has the subject of diacritical marks in a nut-shell, and would be valuable to any teacher who was not fully versed in the use of these marks."—*School Moderator*.

IV. *Hoose's STUDIES IN ARTICULATION*. A Study and Drill-Book in the Alphabetical Elements of the English Language. Fourth Edition, revised and enlarged. 16mo, cloth, pp. 70. 50 cts.

Supt. A. J. Rickoff, Yonkers, N. Y., says: "Dr. Hoose's 'Studies in Articulation' is the most useful manual of the kind that I know of. It should be in the hands of every teacher. It should be a text-book in every Teachers' Institute."

*Any of the above sent post-paid on receipt of the price, or the four books, forming a complete library on the subject, sent to any address for One Dollar.*

**C. W. BARDEEN, Publisher,**

**Syracuse, N. Y.**

## SCHOOL-ROOM CLASSICS.

The Best Thoughts in the Cheapest Form.

I. UNCONSCIOUS TUITION, by Bishop Huntington. Pp. 45. "If the subsequent numbers hold any comparison with this incomparably excellent paper, they will be a valuable addition to the literature of every grade."—*New England Journal of Education*.

II. THE ART OF QUESTIONING, by J. G. Fitch. "Mr. Fitch is happily inside his subject, and as clear as a bell."—*Christian Register*.

III. THE PHILOSOPHY OF SCHOOL DISCIPLINE, by John Kennedy. "Clear and logical, and goes down to the very foundation."—*Utica Herald*.

IV. THE ART OF SECURING ATTENTION, by J. G. Fitch. "Itself an exemplification of the problem discussed."—*Maryland School Journal*.

V. LEARNING AND HEALTH, by Benjamin Ward Richardson. "A timely topic, ably treated."—*New England Jour. of Education*.

VI. THE NEW EDUCATION, by Prof. Mettlejohn. "Absolutely the best summary we have seen of the doctrines of Froebel in their present occupation."—*School Journal*.

VII. A SMALL TRACTATE OF EDUCATION, by John Milton. "Far more important in the literature of this subject than the treatise of Locke."—*Encyclopædia Britannica*.

VIII. THE SCHOOL WORK-SHOP, by Baroness von Marenholtz-Buelow, translated by Miss Blow. "In this treatise the kindergarten view of Industrial Education receives its best exemplification."—*Journal of Education*.

Price of Each, by mail, post-paid, Fifteen Cents. The Eight for One Dollar.

## Educational Pamphlets.

BARDEEN, C. W. *Some Facts as to the Township System*. 25 cts. —*Educational Journalism*. 8vo, pp. 30. Price 25 cts.

BENNETT, Prof. C. W. *National Education in Italy, France, Germany, England, and Wales*. 8vo, pp. 23. Price 15 cts.

BUELL, C. J. *The Elements of Education*. Price 15 cts.

COLLINS, Henry. *The International Date Line*. Price 15 cts.

COOKE, S. G. *Politics and Schools*. 8vo, pp. 23. Price 25 cts.

DAVIS, W. W. *Suggestions for Teaching Fractions*. Price 25 cts.

DICKINSON, J. W. *The Limits of Oral Teaching*. Price 15 cts.

EMERSON, H. P. *Latin in High Schools*. 8vo, pp. 9. Price 25 cts.

GIFFIN, Wm. M. *How Not to Teach*. Price 15 cts.

LOCKE, John W. *Some Thoughts Concerning Education*. 25 cts.

MILLER, Warner G. *Education as a Department of Government*. Price 15 cts.

MURRAY, David. *The Use and Abuse of Examinations*. 25 cts.

NORTHROP, B. G. *High Schools*. 8vo, pp. 26. Price 25 cts.

POOLER, C. T. *Hints on Teaching Orthoeopy*. 12mo, pp. 15. 10 cts.

STRAIGHT, H. H. *The Present Aspect of Industrial Education*. Price 15 cts.

Any of the above sent post-paid on receipt of the price by

C. W. BARDEEN, Publisher, Syracuse, N. Y.

769A  
13





